



No. 95.—VOL. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



AUTUMN.—ERNST LAMBERT.  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

*Tuesday.* The first sod of the new extension of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway to London was cut at St. John's Wood by the Countess of Wharcliffe. This new line will be about one hundred miles in length, and will provide an entirely new route from Lancashire and Yorkshire.—The Queen left Balmoral for Windsor.—Mr. Balfour addressed a great Conservative meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He declared that the old Newcastle programme of varieties had partly been hissed off the stage and partly dropped by its author.—Mr. Acland addressed a meeting of miners at Parkgate, near Rotherham. He said the voters of this country would finally decide for the people against the Peers.—The funeral *cortège* of the Czar arrived at St. Petersburg, and the body was removed to the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. Enormous crowds witnessed the procession.—It is said that the son of Li Hung Chang has left Tientsin with a quantity of valuables. The *Times* correspondent says that there is much popular discontent in China with the imbecility of the Government.—M. Hanotaux, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, told the Chamber that Madagascar would yet become a flourishing French colony.

*Wednesday.* Honours are divided between Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury in regard to the better feeling between England and Russia reported from St. Petersburg, and the altered tone of the English Press is also credited with the existing *entente cordiale*. Concurrently comes another report, that the Russian expeditionary force in the Pamirs has proved to be much smaller than was commonly believed in England. The latest report from St. Petersburg assigns the 20th inst. as the date of the funeral of Alexander III., and the 23rd inst. as that of the marriage of Nicholas II. and the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna.—Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds died at Torquay, in his eighty-second year. Sir Thomas entered the Navy in 1825, saw an immense amount of service, and attained the highest rank in the Navy in 1879. He was placed on the retired list in 1881.—Lord Rosebery, speaking at Glasgow, put Welsh Disestablishment first in the pledged programme of the next Session; promised a similar Bill for Scotland, but declared that nothing could be done until the House of Lords had been dealt with.—Mr. Balfour, at Sunderland, while confessing his faith in a Democratic form of Government, as the only one suited to modern requirements, sweepingly condemned the present Administration as deferring all else to the destruction of the unity of the United Kingdom, of the National Church in Scotland, the partial destruction of the National Church in England, and the destruction of the House of Lords.—The safety of the Calypso was confirmed by a telegram reporting the arrival of the ship at Las Palmas.—The Queen returned to Windsor from Scotland.—A Board of Trade Committee has been appointed, not before it was needed, to consider the reform of the law concerning joint-stock companies. The Committee is cordially welcomed by most honest financiers, and it is hoped that through its operations confidence may be restored.

*Thursday.* After a trial involving evidence and a story as romantic and tragic as anything in the "Newgate Calendar," James Canham Read, a man of some education and undoubted ability, employed at the Albert Docks, was sentenced to death at Chelmsford, by Baron Pollock, for the murder of his paramour, Florence Dennis, at Prittlewell, near Southend, on June 24. The most remarkable features of the case were the excessive libertinism of the murderer, his jaunty carriage throughout the whole case, and his circumstantial denial of his guilt.—A most satisfactory report comes from St. Petersburg that a long-standing difficulty between England and Russia has disappeared, with the arrival at a complete understanding as to the important question of the Russo-Afghan frontier.—News reached London of the foundering of the ship *Culmore*, of Londonderry, eighty miles off Spurn Head, in the gale of Wednesday. Four sailors were rescued, but twenty-two lives were lost.—Mr. Hamish MacCunn's eagerly-anticipated new opera, "Jeanie Deans," was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, with immediate success.—Great gales and floods throughout the country. In Bath the result was so serious that it is said no such flood has occurred there this century.—An important case, involving the right of reproducing photographs of celebrities, was heard in the Queen's Bench, in *Ellis v. Ogden, Smale, and Company, Limited*. The defendants reproduced in the *Ludgate Monthly* portraits handed to them by Harry Nicholls and Charles Kenningham, the well-known actors. Mr. Ellis, of Upper Baker Street, claimed that there had been an infringement of his copyright, but Mr. Justice Collins held that, as the photographs were taken by request of Messrs. Nicholls and Kenningham, and paid for by them, there was no copyright in them so far as Mr. Ellis was concerned, and gave judgment for the defendants, with costs.—The Queen gave an audience to the Swazi chiefs at Windsor, the deputation being introduced by the Marquis of Ripon.

*Friday.* The Queen, through Lord Ripon, returned an official reply to the petition of the Swazi envoys, expressing the greatest goodwill, but not indicating any intention to change the terms of the engagements in regard to Swaziland existing between England and the Transvaal Republic.—Rejoicings at Bucharest were at their height, having commenced yesterday, in honour of the silver wedding of King Charles and Queen Elizabeth of

Roumania ("Carmen Sylva"), who were married at Wied, on Nov. 15, 1869.—Mr. Percy Wyndham made the excellent suggestion, in a letter to the *Standard*, that the memory of kindly young Viscount Drumlanrig, who was so earnest a supporter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, should be perpetuated by his friends by opening a Drumlanrig Memorial Fund, which shall establish the Society on a firm basis.—Mr. John Dillon described Unionists *en bloc* as "a narrow, bigoted, largely ignorant, almost entirely selfish class, representing nobody, except their own interests, and of whom in their whole history it could not be said that they were actuated to do any deed by a generous impulse."—The Duke of Bedford expressed himself strongly against the principle of an hereditary House of Lords, but is in favour of a strong reformed Second Chamber. At the same time he declines to attack the House of Lords in order to enable the present Government to "blink Home Rule."—Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, the greatest sporting Duchess of the century, who trained and ran many famous race-horses under the name of "Mr. Manton," and was a familiar figure on every racecourse in England, died at 45, Belgrave Square, at the age of seventy-six. The late Duchess was married first to the fourth Duke of Montrose, who died in 1874, then to Mr. William Stuart Stirling Crawford, who died in 1883, and finally to Mr. Marcus Henry Milner, who survives her. The most famous horse owned by the late Duchess was Thebais, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks in 1881 and the Liverpool Autumn Cup in 1884.—Canon Prothero, Sub-Dean of Westminster, Rector of Whippingham, and a personal friend of the Queen, died suddenly at his rectory house.—Queen Victoria's wreath, taken to St. Petersburg by the Duke of York, was placed upon the bier of the late Czar by the Prince of Wales.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes, with Dr. Jameson, arrived in England to-day.

*Saturday.* The first number of a non-political, social, and literary weekly periodical, called the *Realm*, was published, the joint editors being Lady Colin Campbell and Mr. W. Earl Hodgson.—Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett sent a strong letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, protesting hotly against an alleged attempt to prevent the Swazi envoys from arousing sympathy in this country on behalf of their desire that Swaziland should be made a British colony.—It is reported that the negotiations for peace between China and Japan have failed, as Japan's minimum demand would be the surrender of China's fleet and the payment of an indemnity of £25,000,000, Japan to occupy Port Arthur, Wai-Hai-Wei, and the Formosan ports until the amount was paid.—During the hearing of a sensational case in the Divorce Court a "bomb scare" occurred, but proved to be due to an escape of steam from a pipe on the roof.—Everyone interested in Siberian exploration heard with satisfaction the report that Captain Wiggins is safe, and coming home along shore.—Eton College was temporarily closed, the Thames having overflowed its banks and flooded the Eton streets and the College precincts in the most serious manner.—Dr. Kitchin was installed Dean of Durham.—It is reported that Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye has arrived in St. Petersburg from Kolguev Island.—Two brave women, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Holding, at great risk to themselves, rescued nine children from a fire in Croydon.—Mr. Stead gave a remarkable address at Queen's House, Chelsea, on his suggested National Social Union, which is to be a "union of all who love, in the service of all who suffer."

*Sunday.* The Queen notified to the Mayor of Windsor that the whole of the horses and vehicles at the Prince Consort's Model Farm (Shaw Farm), on the Old Windsor Road, as well as those on the Flemish Farm, were at the disposal of the Local Board, for the relief of the distress caused by the floods at Windsor. The towns of Windsor and Eton were in total darkness this evening (the gasworks being flooded) save for oil-lamps hung at intervals through the streets. An Eton College student swam the whole length of the High Street through the flood, which is unparalleled in the history of the two towns.—The Duke of Teck left London suddenly for Gratz, on receipt of the news of the death of his sister, the Princess Claudine.—Mr. Leslie Stephen, President of the West London Ethical Society, delivered a lecture on "Hereditry," at Prince's Hall, in which, contrary to the general opinion now held, he maintained that the principle did not affect at all the question of moral responsibility, urging that the evolutionary process was social, not individual, and that a man's career was determined less by the shape of his skull than by the after-influences in his life.—A curious service, with a distinct savour of mediævalism about it, was held in Old St. Pancras Church, by permission of the Bishop of London. It was designated "a solemn commemoration of the faithful dead who are lying in our church and churchyard and in all the other St. Pancras cemeteries." Why St. Pancras should be so favoured passes the comprehension of the lay mind.—Ben Fuller, the famous champion diver at the Royal Aquarium, dived from the eastern high level of the new Tower Bridge, and was killed.

*Monday.* To-day being notified as that of the funeral of the late Czar, the bells at the Imperial Institute rang a muffled peal.—Mr. W. B. Harris gave an interesting address on "Morocco" before the members of the London Chamber of Commerce.—News reached London that the new British representative at Bangkok has been received with marked cordiality by the King of Siam.—Confirmation comes from Berlin of the gratifying report that the understanding between England and Russia in regard to the Afghan frontier is practically complete.—News arrived from New York of a daring but unsuccessful plot to kidnap Mr. George Gould, the millionaire.



# THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

## Contents for December 1894:

COLOURED FRONTISPIECE: "SYMPATHY." By A. E. MANLY.

### LITTLE BETTY'S KITTEN TELLS HER STORY.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Illustrations by Louis WAIN.

### A HIGHER HAND.

By PERCY ANDREÆ. Illustrations by Louis GUNNIS.

### A REVERIE.

From a Photograph by FRANK DICKENS, Sloane Street, S.W.

### SOME BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

By L. F. AUSTIN. Photographs by RUSSELL, ELLIOTT and FRY,  
LONDON STEREOSCOPIC Co., &c.

### THE AUSTRALIAN COCKATOO'S LAMENT.

By Madame ROTH.

### A HAPPY HOUR WITH SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

By CLEMENT SCOTT. Photographs by Messrs. SARONY, New York,  
and A. H. CADE, Ipswich.

### TO DIANE ME.

By ROBERT HERRICK. Illustration by ROBERT SAUBER.

### "INSULTING BEAUTY, YOU MIS-SPEND."

By JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER. Illustration  
by GILBERT JAMES.

### "POPPY."

By Mrs. KATE PERUGINI.

### LONDON TO NEW YORK BY STEERAGE.

By FRED. A. MCKENZIE. Photographs by J. BYRON, New York.

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

By GEORGE GISSING. Illustrations by FRANK CRAIG.

### THE BALLADE OF THE TEMPLE COURTS.

By JAMES D. SYMON. Illustrations by HERBERT RAILTON.

### THE KING'S WELL.

By F. A. STEEL. Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED.

### "HI! COLONEL! SHALL I CLEAN YER WINDER FOR YER?"

By PHIL MAY.

### THE BENEVOLENT RATTLESNAKE.

By PHIL ROBINSON. Illustrations by CECIL ALDIN.

### A WINTER'S SPORT IN THE ROCKIES.

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. Illustrations by R. C. WOODVILLE.

### OLD VERSUS NEW.

By HELEN MATHERS. Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND.

### TWO MAYORS OF BOTTITORT.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Illustrations by ROBERT SAUBER.

### PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

By C. E. HALLÉ.

### THE MIRACULOUS EXPLORER.

By GRANT ALLEN. Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.

### A SAILOR'S WIFE.

By KATE GREENAWAY. (Coloured Plate.)

### PRISON BARS.

By MARGARET L. WOODS. Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND.

### THE LAND OF A LOST LANGUAGE.

By WILLIAM COPELAND BORLASE.

### CATS' NIGHTMARE.

By LOUIS WAIN.

### THE INCOMPLETE HIGHWAYMAN.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE. Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

### "COME, LET US ALL SWEET CAROLS SING."

By A. L. BOWLEY.

### ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

By WILLIAM STRODE. Illustration by GILBERT JAMES.

### A CUT AND A KISS.

By ANTHONY HOPE. Illustrations by RENÉ BULL.

### THE PIRACY OF THE NIMHOK.

By C. W. MASON. Illustrations by FRANK CRAIG.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

### SHELLEY IN ITALY.

By RICHARD GARNETT. Photographs by MAGRINI, Via Reggio.

### "COME ALONG, TEA-TIME."

### THE OTHER HALF ON SUNDAY—

### THE LONE BACHELOR.

By HARRY V. BARNETT. Illustrations by JAMES GREIG.

### POWDER AND PAINT.

By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. Illustrations by NELLY ERICHSEN.

### CHINESE MANDARINS AND PEOPLE.

By Professor DOUGLAS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

## THE \* ENGLISH \* ILLUSTRATED \* MAGAZINE

For DECEMBER is a Christmas Double Number, with Two Coloured Plates.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

# A TRUE RELATION OF THE TRAVELS AND PERILOUS ADVENTURES

OF  
**Mathew Dudgeon, Gentleman:**

Wherein is truly set down the Manner of his Taking, the Long Time of his Slavery in Algiers, and the Means of his Delivery.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PRINTED.

NATIONAL OBSERVER: "We like Mr. Dudgeon for his own impertinent sake, for the vital note he often touches, for the freshness of the breeze that blows across the Elysium he has built up from the wreckage of the past. . . . We all clamour to-day for new sensations, but what we rather desire is variations upon the old sensations. The adventures of Mr. Dudgeon give them."

DAILY CHRONICLE: "We confess to a good deal of curiosity about the original MS. of this work. . . . If this be a romance, the undoubted cleverness of the author had better have been spent on a nobler theme."

SATURDAY REVIEW: "Let us hope that when the hero was happily restored to the bosom of his family, he did not tell his wife of all his 'goings on' with certain ladies of unsurpassed beauty in southern climes. Paper-makers, printers, and bookbinders have done all that is consistent with chaste simplicity to render this volume attractive."

SPECTATOR: "Some of these stories are decidedly good. The style is the result of some careful study. Altogether 'Mathew Dudgeon' must be pronounced to be a success."

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

NEW PLANTATION SONG. NEW PLANTATION SONG.

## MY DUSKY SOUDERN BRIDE.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS AND IVAN CARYLL,

Author and Composer of "OH, HONEY, MY HONEY!" &c.

No. 1 of Series. Chorus ad lib., including Banjo and Piano Parts, 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street, W.

Just Published. Crown 8vo, price 6s.

## PICTURES IN PROSE OF NATURE, WILD SPORT, AND HUMBLE LIFE.

By AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE, B.A.

CONTENTS.—With Carl of the Hill—Three Fish—Memories—A Child of the People—Canvey Island—In the Land of the Great Spirit—In Norfolk by the Sea—The Witch in Kent—Oxford: The Upper River—Upon a Day—The Procession of Spring—Vesper.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

## CASSELL & COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MAX PEMBERTON'S NEW STORY.

Just published, price 6s.

## THE SEA WOLVES. BY MAX PEMBERTON. With 9 Full-Page Illustrations.

"The thrilling narrative is preserved throughout. . . . 'The Sea Wolves' belongs to that class of fiction of adventure in which the schoolboy finds wholesome delight and older people unfailing interest."—WEEKLY SUN.

\*\* THE IRON PIRATE, by the same Author, has been reprinted to meet the large and continuous demand. Price 5s.

NOW READY, price 5s.

## POMONA'S TRAVELS. A Series of Letters to the Mistress of Rudder Grange from her former Handmaiden. By FRANK R. STOCKTON, Author of "Rudder Grange," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

"Everyone who has read the inimitable 'Rudder Grange' must be glad to renew his acquaintance with Pomona."—SPECTATOR.

JUST PUBLISHED, price 6s.

## CASSELL'S NEW UNIVERSAL COOKERY

BOOK. By LIZZIE HERITAGE, Holder of First-Class Diplomas in Cookery and Domestic Economy. With Preface by LEONARD GRUNEN-FELDER, Chef, Grand Hotel, London. Containing Twelve Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Strongly bound in cloth, leather back, 1350 pp.

"The book is so large, so comprehensive, so well ordered, and so exhaustively instructive as to form a little library of its subject."—SCOTSMAN.

NOW READY, Price 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.

## EUROPEAN PICTURES OF THE YEAR

With Reproductions of One Hundred and Twenty Continental Pictures of the present year.

"The pictures are reproduced with rare finish and delicacy by a photographic process, and the work forms a useful and ornamental companion volume to the reproductions of Royal Academy Pictures issued by the same firm."—DAILY NEWS.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate Hill, London.

A Selection from **MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S** List,

NOVELS BY LEADING WRITERS OF WHICH MORE THAN

A QUARTER OF A MILLION

HAVE BEEN SOLD IN ENGLAND ALONE.

## HALL CAINE.

THE MANXMAN. 1 vol., 6s. Thirty-eighth Thousand.

"There is not a Manx proverb, a Manx anecdote, a Manx jest, a Manx situation, which will not be found in 'The Manxman.' All Manx men are in it, all Manx women."—MR. T. E. BROWN in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE BONDMAN. 3s. 6d.

THE SCAPEGOAT. 3s. 6d.

CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEYMOON. 3s. 6d.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS. Forty-third Thousand. 1 vol., 6s.

"It is so full of interest."—ATHENÆUM.  
"Everybody ought to read it."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.  
"This remarkable and not to be forgotten work."—WORLD.  
"A touch of real genius."—QUEEN.

## SARAH GRAND.

OUR MANIFOLD NATURE. Tenth Thousand. 1 vol., 6s.

"The humour, the vigorous and healthy realism, and the true and deep love of nature which are revealed in these tales."—SCOTSMAN.

IDEALA: A Study from Life. Tenth Thousand. 1 vol., 6s.

"It is original and somewhat daring. The story is in many ways delightful and thought-suggesting."—MORNING POST.

THE LAST SENTENCE. 1 vol., 6s.

"A remarkable story: it abounds with dramatic situations; the interest never for a moment flags."—STANDARD.  
"This terrible tale of retribution is told with well sustained force and picturesqueness."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.  
"Extremely strong and dramatic."—BLACK AND WHITE.

## MAXWELL GRAY.

THE NAULAHKA: A Tale of West and East. By RUDYARD KIPLING and WOLCOTT BALESTIER. 1 vol., 6s.

"A happy idea, well adapted to utilise the respective experience of the joint authors. An excellent story, not easily effaced from the memory."—TIMES.

## RUDYARD KIPLING.

"In the matter of vivid word-painting, of exciting adventure, and priceless necklaces, good measure pressed down will be found in this book."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"The best of Mr. Kipling's long stories, and that is saying a good deal."—OBSERVER.

THE COUNTESS RADNA. 1 vol., 6s.

"Decidedly well written, while it is undeniably interesting."—ACADEMY.

"Justifies the place its author has obtained among living masters of fiction."—SPEAKER.  
"Full of bright and agreeable writing."—COURT JOURNAL.

## W. E. NORRIS.

A VICTIM OF GOOD LUCK. 1 vol., 6s. [Shortly.]

THE EBB TIDE: A Trio and Quartette. By R. L. STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE. Fourteenth Thousand. 1 vol., 6s.

"The episodes and incidents, although thrilling enough, are constantly subordinated to sensationalism of character. . . . Yet when he dashes in a sketch, it is done to perfection. . . . We see the scene vividly unrolled before us."—TIMES.

## R. L. STEVENSON.

"The story is full of strong scenes."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.  
"Full of that extraordinary knowledge of human nature which makes certain creations of Mr. Stevenson's pen far more real than persons we have met in the flesh."—WORLD.

"It is brilliantly invented, and it is not less brilliantly told."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

## I. ZANGWILL.

CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO: Study of a Peculiar People. 1 vol., 6s.

"This book is admirable throughout; the theme is original, the treatment no less felicitous."—DAILY NEWS.

THE KING OF SCHNORRERS: Grotesques and Fantasies. Illustrated. 1 vol., 6s.

"Humour of a rich and active character pervades the delightful history of Manasses."—SATURDAY REVIEW.  
"It is a delightful story."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

## MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS.

MORE MEMORIES. By DEAN HOLE. Being Thoughts about England Spoken in America. With Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, 16s.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MARIA EDGEWORTH. Edited by AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of "The Story of Two Noble Lives," &c. 2 vols., crown 8vo, with Portraits, 16s. net.

ALPHONSE DAUDET: A Biography and Critical Study. By ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B., First Prime Minister of Canada. Edited by JOSEPH POPE, his Private Secretary. With Portraits. 2 vols. demy 8vo, 32s.

London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.  
Publisher to the India Office.



## ROUND THE THEATRES.

*À propos* of the supplement of "John-a-Dreams" this week, I think that, next to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the most interesting recruit to the Haymarket company is Miss Janette Steer, who, after taking up Mrs. Tree's part of Mrs. Murgatroyd for the last nights of "A Bunch of Violets," has now made a palpable hit as Mrs. Wanklyn in "John-a-Dreams." Miss Steer affords a crowning example of how a whilom amateur star can by dint of hard work and indomitable

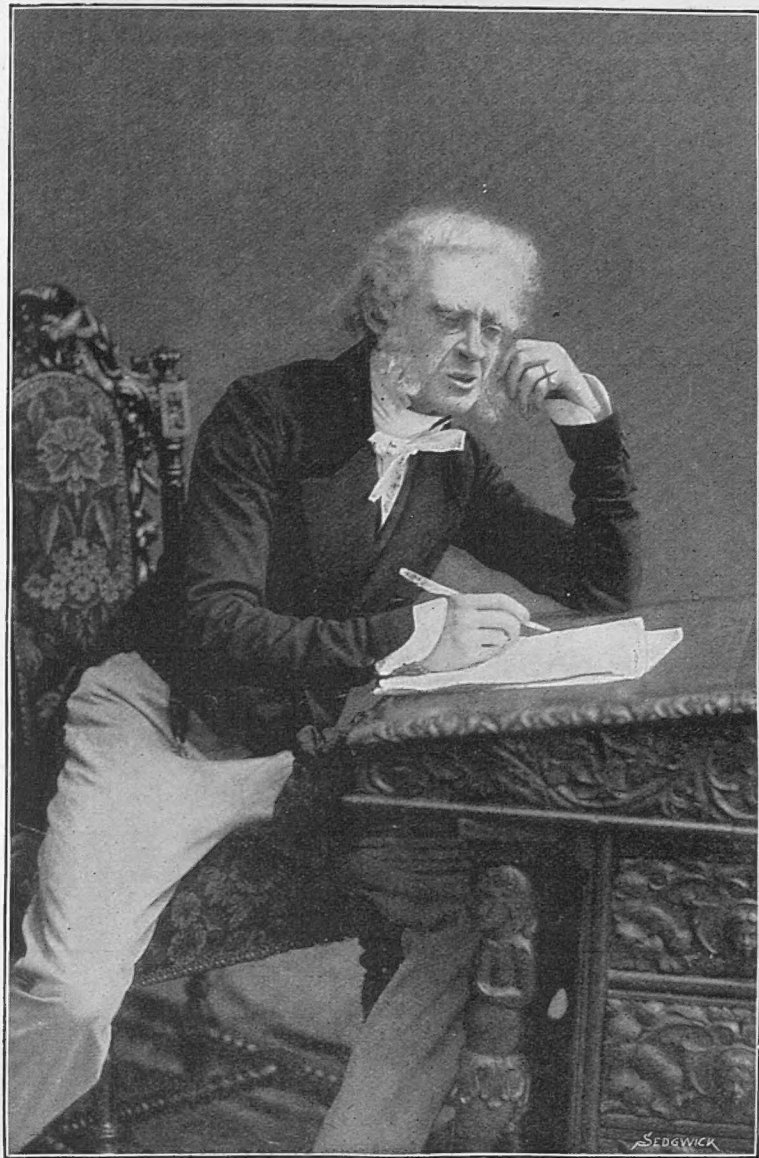


Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

MR. GILBERT HARE AS DR. JACKS IN "OLD CRONIES."

pluck become transformed into a thoroughly well-equipped and accomplished artist. We all admired the courage Miss Steer showed at Terry's last autumn, first with "An American Bride," and afterwards with "Gudgeons," but I personally was not prepared for the distinct advance I found she had made when I witnessed her truly classical and admirably-finished performance of Niobe at the Grand, Islington, a couple of months ago. It is always interesting to watch the evolution of a clever and thoughtful actress. Speaking of the Haymarket, I may also congratulate Mr. Herbert Ross, who has been well trained for the part of Percy de Coburn by a long course of farcical comedies under the banner of Mr. Willie Edouin at the Strand.

When the curtain fell on the first night of "A Gay Widow," on all sides could be heard the remark, "How wonderfully good young Hare was!" His part was not very long, nor seemed exceedingly strong; yet, perhaps, one's most lively recollection of the evening is a picture of the young actor sitting in silence on a chair, too weary to pay attention to anything, save the awful overwhelming cold that had overcome him. The humours of a cold in the head have served so often, that nothing new seemed possible; yet even the most hardened critic laughed without effort at concealment. The stage, no doubt, is, of all professions, the one in which inheritance of talent occurs most frequently, but rarely in its annals has anything so remarkable and pleasing been seen as the way in which Mr. Gilbert Hare shows himself worthy son of Mr. John Hare, the finest character comedian that we possess. The son displays such talent that there is no reason why, in course of time, he should not be the one successful rival of the popular manager of the theatre which bears the most splendid name in the records of our stage.

The most callow critic shudders when he sees such a title as "The Joker," and notices on the play bill a punning name like "Mr. Caryon Crowe." He knows that the dramatist lacks experience, or is of an old-fashioned school. Mr. Howard Tennyson, I believe, comes within the younger category, and "The Joker" is a first effort. It would be unjust to say that there is no comic idea in it. When a set of poor people toady to a man, deeming him rich, and laugh at all that he says, believing that he poses as a wit, whereas he never tries to make a joke at all, some laughter must come, while the reverse case, that of his brother, a wag whose jests are ignored because he is supposed to be poor, rounds off the parent idea excellently.

Unfortunately while an inexperienced writer may reach success in dealing with a comic idea that has already taken the concrete form of story, great skill is needed in fashioning the idea into a story. Of this skill the author of "The Joker" shows little if any. There is an utter lack of form or movement, while the jokes actually employed appeal rather to the archæologist than to the every-day human being. Jest connected with the double sense of the word plain or the phrase about not dressing for dinner ought to be forbidden by Act of Parliament.

If you want an excuse for going to see "His Excellency" again, you will find Mr. Rutland Barrington's new operetta, "A Knight Errant," a very good pretext, even if not a brilliant work in itself. It is unfortunate that Mr. Barrington's piece should be given by the side of Mr. Gilbert's, for a disadvantageous comparison is irresistible. Yet there is no real ground for comparison, since "A Knight Errant" is romantic, and written in blank verse, and "His Excellency" is nothing of the kind. There was a time when the new operetta would have been deemed almost a brilliant work; now, one may call it a pretty trifle, a little too long for its strength.

I saw it under curious circumstances, for standing by my side was Mr. Barrington, and his face proved to be almost as attractive as his piece. His frantic efforts from the back of the dress circle by mere force of grimace to hurry up the performers in the finale were irresistible, while his look of horror when one of the players sang horribly out of tune was superbly comic. Poor man, I, too, have heard my music



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

MR. GILBERT HARE AS ALGY BRUCE IN "A GAY WIDOW."



sung out of tune, and I think that the cruellest torture to be seen at the Panopticon in Leicester Square is pleasant compared with the sensation.

However, I seem to suggest that Mr. Barrington wrote the music; but, in fact, Mr. Caldicott was the composer, and he has done his work very cleverly. It is possible, no doubt, to forget his melodies, but one can recollect the grace of the orchestration and prettiness of accompaniment to one song, at least. In the company is a young artist, who will some day take an important place on the comic opera stage. I refer to Mr. W. Philp, who is new to me, though he bears a name well known in the land of song. Mr. Philp has a good presence, a fair idea of acting, and a charming voice, which in many notes resembles that of Mr. Courtice Pounds. The voice requires a great deal more work, for it is far from homogeneous, and in actual singing he has faults, such as that of using violent contrasts; but he is so happy as to have a beautiful voice, and nothing but bad luck or bad judgment can keep him back.

Ibsenism dies hard. The latest development is the new venture of Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is to give Manchester a taste of "the Master," to use the wearisome gibe of some playgoers. On Tuesday "Hedda Gabler," and on the following Friday "The Master Builder," will be produced. Meanwhile, rehearsals are daily in progress at the Criterion Theatre by a company which includes the following casts—

MISS ROBINS	...	...	...	...	Hedda Gabler.
					Hilda Wangel.
MR. ACTON BOND	...	...	...	...	Lövborg.
					Master-Builder Solness.
MR. CHARLES SUGDEN	...	...	...	...	Judge Brack
					Dr. Herdal.
MISS FLORENCE FARR	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Elvsted.
					Kaia Fosli.
MISS ALEXIS LEIGHTON	...	...	...	...	Aunt Julia.
					Mrs. Solness.
MR. ORLANDO BARNETT	...	...	...	...	Tesman.
					Ragnar

Mr. G. R. Foss, who stage-manages as he has already done in Ibsen's plays, plays the part of old Brovik in "The Master Builder," and Miss Florence Hunter is also in the cast. It will be very interesting to see how Manchester people will rise to the occasion.

The Independent Theatre will open in January with the new four-act play, "Thyrza Fleming," by Miss Dorothy Leighton, which will run

engagements, the exact date of production will be announced in due course.

"Santa Claus" is the title of the fairy pantomime to be produced by Mr. Oscar Barrett on Boxing Night at the Lyceum Theatre.

Among other correct details of costume, Sarah Bernhardt wears a live falcon on her wrist in the first act of Sardou's new play, and her white dalmatique, in which she figures later, has set all Paris talking, with its wonderful embroideries of saints holding censurs and angels appearing through rosy clouds. Not every "convert" to Christianity is permitted to make so effective an entrance. But the *coup de grâce* has



MISS FLORENCE FARR.

been given to all envious fair by the regal dress of sky-blue Venetian velvet worn in the last act of "Gismonda," the long, hanging sleeves of which alone cost a fabulous sum, by reason of their bullion embroidery, while no less than 4600 rubies, emeralds, and sapphires have been used on this astonishing garment. *On dit*, the effect of Sarah's bronzed hair and jewelled cap surmounting all is impressive exceedingly. x.

#### VIRTUE HAS ITS OWN REWARD.

"What have you got there?" asked the old gentleman, encountering a boy at his front door as he stepped out for the purpose of starting for the City.

"Handbills, Sir," replied the boy. "There's a-going to be a hauction in the next street. Household furniture, kitchen utensils, bed-clothes, &c. Ladies' attention partic'lar'y invited."

The old gentleman's hair rose. Also his gorge.

"You needn't leave any here," he said sharply.

"Got to leave one at every house. Them's my horders."

"I don't want any left here. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then run away at once."

"I'll go now; but when you've gone I'll come back and scatter them all over your front garden."

"I'll stay here and see if you do, you cheeky little—"

"That's all right. I'm paid by the week, and my time's cheaper than yourn. I hain't in no 'urry. Besides, it wouldn't be honest for me to shirk my work. I'm hemployed to leave these bills at every house, and I'm blowed if I ain't going to."

The old gentleman reflected. He had got the worst of the argument so far.

"Well," he said, "let's compromise. I have special reasons for not having any of these handbills left at my house, and if this will be any inducement for you not to leave any"—here he drew half-a-crown from his pocket—"I'll give it you as a reward and in recognition of your sterling honesty."

"Now you're talking business," replied the incorruptible youth, pocketing the coin. "I'll skip the whole street." E. P. N.

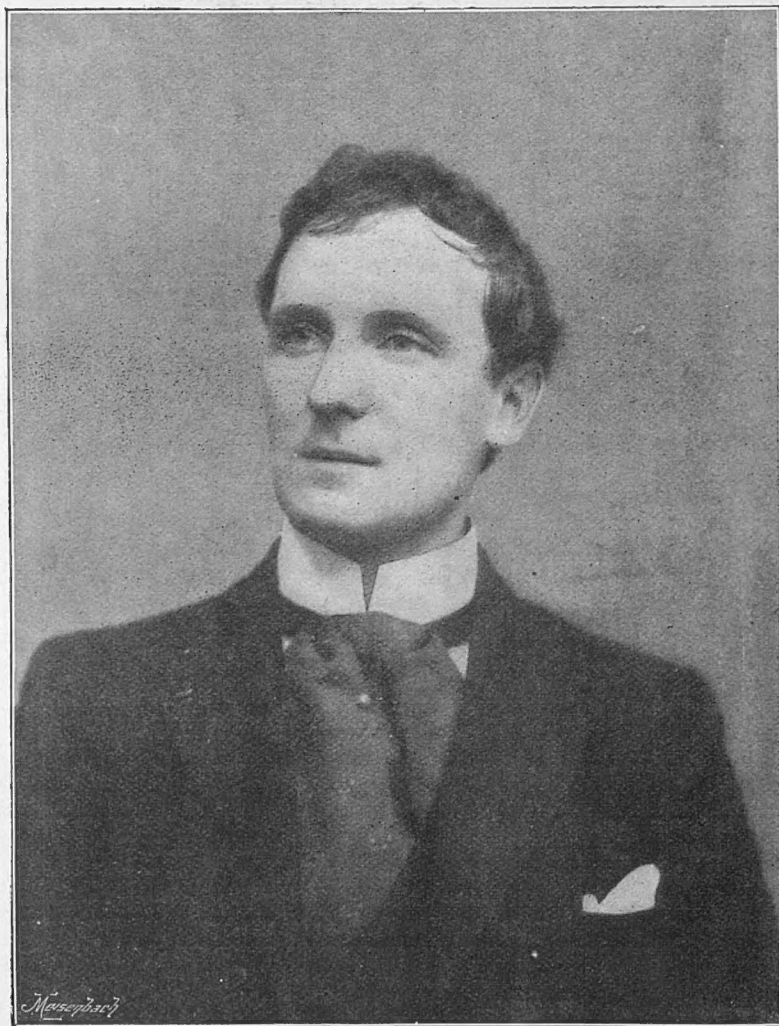


Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, London.  
MR. ACTON BOND.

six nights only. This late date is necessitated by the unavoidable absence from town of the authoress, who is thereby prevented from superintending the rehearsals. Miss Esther Palliser, who is a personal friend of Miss Leighton's, has been prevailed upon to create the title-part, which is a strong sympathetic one, and, owing to her numerous





MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS AS HILDA WANGEL IN "THE MASTER BUILDER."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen left Balmoral for the South on Wednesday afternoon, and the weather being beautifully fine, open carriages were used for the drive to Ballater. The Queen and Princess Beatrice travelled together, while Princess Louise was in another saloon with Miss McNeill, and in the next carriage were the children of Princess Beatrice. The train stopped at Perth for an hour, where the royal party dined at the Station Hotel, the dining-room being decorated with beautiful flowers and plants from the neighbouring country houses. The Marquis of Breadalbane, who came from Taymouth to receive her Majesty, brought a basket of grapes, which went South in the saloon, and the Queen also took away a basket of orchids and chrysanthemums, which had come from Tayside. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who had been staying in London for a few days, met the royal party on their arrival at Windsor. The Queen has greatly benefited by her stay in the North, and is now in excellent health.

The Queen intends to hold an Investiture of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and Indian Orders during her residence at Windsor Castle, when several Knights are to be dubbed by her Majesty. The function will take place in the White Drawing-Room, but the date has not yet been fixed by the Queen.

The Duchess of Albany, who has been residing at Claremont since she left Scotland, goes next week to Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, and she and her children are to pass the Christmas holidays at Osborne. The Duchess goes to Cannes about the middle of January, and will stay there until after Easter.

There is a magnificent show of chrysanthemums in the gardens at Frogmore this year, and they have been inspected several times by the Queen and Princess Beatrice since the arrival of the Court at Windsor. The gardens at Frogmore are probably the most productive in the country, and are admirably arranged. The Prince Consort, who was exceedingly fond of horticulture, took great interest in these gardens, and suggested numerous alterations and improvements.

The Empress Frederick of Germany, whose birthday is being celebrated to-day, has lately spent much of her time at her castle in the Taunus. It is surrounded by fine trees, and the scenery is particularly beautiful. Here the Empress has abundant opportunity for those artistic tastes which for many years have had so strong a hold upon her. She is



EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

an excellent letter-writer, and corresponds with a large circle of relatives, while between the Queen and herself sympathy is so intimate that the Empress is consulted on all manner of small matters connected with the Court. When her Majesty has her eldest daughter on a visit to her, the conversation at the Queen's dinner-parties is always lively, and touches many themes of a literary, or even theological, nature.

That large and increasing body of collectors, the philatelists, are eagerly anticipating the new issue of United States stamps, and those at

present in use, together with the really artistic Columbus stamps that for one year superseded them, are likely, especially the higher values, to become scarce. It is not probable, however, that they will ever command such prices as the early American issues, or as the large newspaper and periodical stamps once in use in the States. From the private secretary of the United States Postmaster-General, who was in London a short time since, I learned that the United States Government have reprinted the whole of their issues on India paper, and that sets of these stamps are sometimes presented to those whom the Postmaster-General "delights to honour," and are highly valued by collectors. There are also reprints on thin card for "official purposes." Some of these latter I have in my possession, and they are certainly not only fine bits of colour, but really beautiful specimens of the engraver's art. The periodical stamps to which I alluded above are particularly good in design and execution, each presenting a beautiful female figure; the highest face value of these now obsolete stamps is sixty dollars. Such stamps as these might well be prized, even by those not bitten with the mania. I believe, by-the-way, that the new Czar has a remarkable collection of American stamps.

Speaking of royal stamp-collectors, by-the-way, reminds me that the Duke of York shares the philatelic craze with his cousin, the new Czar. The Duke is, I believe, the President of the Philatelic Society, and some of his fine specimens have now and again been on view in the society's rooms. The English postal authorities do nothing to assist collectors; indeed, they prefer to snub these harmless lunatics, and to obtain reprints of our obsolete English issues is almost impossible. I understand, however, that in the case of the Duke of York they have somewhat unbent from this stern attitude, and, I believe, our princely collector is the happy possessor of a strip of black V.R. penny stamps, which, with other now extremely rare examples, were reprinted for him at Somerset House by the express command of Mr. Gladstone.

The first regular meet of the season with the Quorn was a big affair, and many well-known faces assembled at Kirby Gate to see the pack throw off. Lord Lonsdale, the Master, was to the fore of course. Lady Cardigan, Lady Gerard, Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, Mr. Cecil and Lady Augusta Fane, Mr. and Mrs. Sloane Stanley, Baron Max de Tuyll, and so on up to two hundred, or thereabouts, of the "right sort." The field was almost too big, and the unfortunate animal must, peradventure, have had a bad time, for he was headed in all directions, though managing to escape at last in Dalby Wood. That first day of the season is an event too fondly anticipated for mere words, but at the close of the day how hard our saddle begins to feel, and how dubiously we look forward to its unyielding support on the morrow! and that first turn in bed next morning, what a twinge! and how all creation seems out of joint, as well as our suffering backbone! But the old-fashioned cure is best, after all, and a second day's spin generally wipes out the recollection of the first day's bumps.

*A propos* of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, about whom Mr. Stuart Cumberland writes elsewhere in this issue, all sorts of stories are current about his dislike of women, but none of them is precisely true. Mr. Rhodes has entertained ladies at Groote Schuur, and, although far from being a ladies' man, he can make himself on occasion exceedingly agreeable to members of the fair sex. The truth is, instead of finding woman's company distasteful to him, he simply finds that he has not time enough to devote to them: woman, socially speaking, takes up so much of a man's time, and, as he says, the older a man becomes the less time he finds he has. There is a touch of self-containedness, a longing after solitariness, with Mr. Rhodes that has always to be reckoned with. In the midst of a group of genial companions, and while the conversation is at its height, he will suddenly, and without a word of good-night, retire to his room. The longing for solitariness, for communion with his own thoughts, has come upon him, and those who know him well understand him; in fact, in order to be completely alone when he retires to rest, he does not sleep in the house—which is completely given up to those who may be staying with him—but in a bed-room in an old out-house situated at the back, to get to which, winter and summer, he has to cross a yard and mount some steps let in the wall. There, in the dead of night, away from everyone, most of his great schemes have been thought out.

Now that the winter is upon us and the sea is given over to storm and wreck, I cannot avoid a reflection on the lives of the men who live in light-ships. During the summer weather they must needs be lonely enough, albeit every now and again an excursion steamer comes from some seaside town adjacent and gives them sight of humanity. Yet they can come on deck and enjoy the sea-breeze and sunshine, and watch the stately ships pass down the Channel upon their way to foreign lands. But in winter the loneliness must be appalling enough to make a convict station seem preferable. Never seeing anybody except when, at rare intervals, their rations are delivered to them, with no sound save that of the angry wind and relentless sea, it gives one a shudder to imagine the physical and mental stagnation of such a life. Surely even the hard-worked toilers in the Black Country, who feed the furnaces which burn by day and night, and slave for long hours in dismal factories, must have more facility for existence than the pent-up prisoners of the light-ships. In these days, when missions exist for many absurd purposes, really necessitous people get overlooked. I should like to see a society started to provide the men in the light-ships with periodical literature, and such other things as might tend to lighten the torpor and gloom of their uneventful yet necessary toil.



Last Saturday a spirit of wild adventure found me walking about in the Renaissance Court of the Crystal Palace, and promptly took possession of me. Under its influence I went to the North Tower entrance, produced a shilling, threw it on the table with the air of a millionaire, and commanded the Cerberus to take me up in the lift to the top of the tower, where I might survey eight counties and the scenery for twenty miles round. To my great disgust I was promptly informed that the lift did not run in the winter months, and that, for purposes of calculation, the Palace directors decided that winter commenced on Nov. 1. "But, Sir," said the attendant, casting a covetous glance at my handsome shilling, "you can walk up easily in five minutes." Having some other companions beside the spirit of adventure, I was weak enough to give my assent to his suggestion and essay the ascent of his stairs. Here, let me say, without fear of consequences, that I attribute the success of one of my friends in reaching the top so easily to his familiarity with the treadmill. I didn't feel the exertion for the first few thousand steps, but after that my enthusiasm left me, together with the spirit of adventure, which was evidently not used to luxuries. After many weary excursions up fresh flights, many long rests, and a fair number of expressive remarks devoted to the lift, the Palace directors, and the spirit of adventure, we reached the top, and stepped proudly out on to the parapet to enjoy the reward of hard labour. We entered the base of the Tower in fine clear weather, but during our journey to the summit a slight autumn mist that was out on business had found time to spread over most of the eight counties, and nearly all the twenty miles of scenery. The result was that we had a good view of the haze, which could have been seen just as well from below. Of our address to the mist, and the eight counties, and the twenty miles of scenery, it is as well to be silent.

Free libraries are, fortunately for the rising and reading generation, springing up in all parts of London. One of the latest to be opened is the St. Saviour's Free Library, of which I append a view.

An altogether astounding piece of literary information appeared the other night in a halfpenny evening paper. The paragraph begins: "Three eminent men of letters are suffering from our inclement weather." After naming Professor Blackie and Mr. Barrie, the writer goes on to say, "Mr. Buckle, the famous historian, who has been seriously unwell, is only slowly recruiting, but has returned to town." Most people had been under the impression that Henry Thomas Buckle, author of that suggestive, if not perfectly adequate, "History of Civilisation," died as far back as 1862. It was the present editor of the *Times* to whose indisposition this precious paragraphist was thus clumsily referring!

Birds have, at last, a magazine devoted to them. It has, in bird language, the "high-flown" title of the *Avicultural Magazine*. Now, just as "archidiaconal" means "pertaining to an archdeacon," so I must explain that "avicultural" is the adjective of "aviculture." If your curiosity is not then satisfied, let it be added that the editors of the magazine, Dr. C. S. Simpson and Mr. H. R. Fillmer, call, with considerable reason on their side, "a person interested in the keeping and breeding of birds" an aviculturist. The first number of this magazine is capital; it tells of the Avicultural Society, of which the President is the Countess of Bective, the honorary secretary being Dr. Simpson, 2, Portland Road, West Brighton, and it contains several contributions interesting to all bird-lovers. We learn as to the reason for baldness in birds; there is a useful description of a bird-room, with hints for those who wish to start one; Mr. W. Swaysland writes on "Our Winter Visitors," and Mr. Fillmer carefully describes the parrot-finch and the black-tailed pawfinch. Just as "birds of a feather flock together," so their keepers will, doubtless, combine as members of the Avicultural Society.

The humanitarian lady, who will not wear birds in her bonnet or eat flesh meat, or permit down pillows to soften her lot in life, should turn her attention to a refined cruelty that is at the moment a vogue in certain districts of France. For the manufacture of a certain superfine cloth called zibelline, rabbits are plucked alive, and the long fur thus obtained is woven into the aforesaid texture. A particular breed of rabbits is only suitable, and these hapless creatures are carefully tended after the plucking process until their fur grows again. The thing is inexcusably cruel, to my way of thinking, and no woman would surely encourage the sale or manufacture of such cloth if her heart, not to say sensibility, is in the right place.

The conventional mill-round of the afternoon tea was diversified the other day by a lady acquaintance of mine in a manner that suggests all sorts of possibilities in the way of excitement at the often somewhat wearisome function. The lady in question is the happy owner of a young Parisian bulldog, a charming creature, beautifully brindled, and with a pouting of the under lip quite irresistible—he was too delightful, but his doting mistress was ignorant as to his attainment in the way of rats.

But we have Leadenhall Market, and there are white rats in cages; so one of these was obtained, and placed behind a screen in the drawing-room. When the room was fairly full the hostess announced a surprise, retired behind the screen, and loosed the rat, who flew round and round the apartment. Then there was indeed an unusual flutter, especially among the fair sex, who mounted the chairs and sofas *en masse*. The novelty was indeed in every way a success, for the Leadenhall rat was killed in the open between the grand piano and a big settee, after a most exciting chase among the bric-à-brac, and in a most sportsmanlike manner, by the French favourite.

Readers who have been present in the flesh at the Lord Mayor's banquet, or who have enjoyed its delights vicariously through the medium of printed statistics, may be interested to have an account of another feast (for ten persons only), given in the Palace of the Lateran at the Whitsuntide of 1473 by Pope Sixtus IV. The guests of the occasion were the Duke of Ferrara and his newly-married wife, and among those present were the Duke and Duchess of Malfi, whose names have a grim, tragic ring about them. There were three grand courses of meat viands, intercalated by courses of sweets, but each course was as good as a feast. There were two whole calves in their

hides; for each "portion" there were five pieces of veal, five of mutton, and three of boar; following these were three whole kids, a dozen capons and pullets, and a calf's head in fancy form. The course concluded by the story of Perseus and Andromeda depicted in meat. After a service of mince and hashes the game made its appearance. A family of pea-fowl, with trains outspread; a couple apiece of pheasants, storks, and cranes in their feathers; a stag in his hide, wearing his antlers; a bear, also fully clad, with walking-stick in his mouth, and sundry other animals, including boars, tusks and all. After the fish, comprising two sturgeons, minor sweets, and more roast, came the *magnum opus* of the Papal cuisine, the confectionery. Herein appeared three of the Labours of Hercules, winged by huge towers and rocks of sweets; an enormous serpent on a natural mountain; savages; ten large ships, with sails and ropes incrustated with sugar; and, finally, the Triumph of Venus on her swan-drawn car, and the story of the Hesperides and the Golden Apples. The historian Corio has not stated whether the ten partakers of this memorable banquet were too much troubled by indigestion to appreciate fully the splendid masks which followed.

Mr. Melton Prior is representing the *Illustrated London News* in St. Petersburg. On his office door in the Strand there is the laconic intimation "Gone to Russia," under which a wag has written "Be back in five minutes!"



Photo by J. B. Medland, Borough High Street.

ST. SAVIOUR'S FREE LIBRARY.



I am extremely glad to hear that the news of Mr. Alfred Gilmer's decease, which inadvertently was mentioned in these pages last week, is quite incorrect. The many friends of this popular gentleman will rejoice to know that Mr. Gilmer is progressing very favourably towards recovery from an attack of typhoid fever. I am voicing a general opinion when I say how welcome this information is, and I trust that Mr. Gilmer may soon be actively engaged in the work in which he has shown so great a capacity and talent.

A drama in three acts, dealing plainly enough with the tragic death of the Emperor Frederick, written by Felix Philippi, and entitled "Der Wohlthäter der Menschheit" ("The Benefactor of Mankind") has been played lately at one of the German theatres in New York. With names changed and incidents much varied, the grim story is told over again, the Emperor reappearing in the guise of a minor Teutonic potentate, Prince Charles Victor, whose malady is treated unsuccessfully by the Court physician, Dr. von Fortenbach, in whom the dramatist has apparently sought to delineate Sir Morell Mackenzie. Professor Bergmann also seems to be introduced under the name of Dr. Martius.

"Miss Chester has a future before her." Such were the words with which a short article on Miss Edith Chester in these pages, just a year ago, concluded. But all that has been altered, for death has cut her off



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE MISS EDITH CHESTER.

ere her powers had reached their maturity. She was just entering the tenth year of her experience on the stage, for it was in 1885 that she made her first professional appearance—in America—as a member of the company of the late Miss Rosina Vokes, and, curiously enough, she made her first real success in this country in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," written by Mr. Cecil Clay, Miss Vokes's husband. She first became acquainted with London playgoers in 1886, when she figured as Lettice Vane in the unhappy "Harvest" at the Princess's. She had a fairly varied experience in the intervening years, but she never did anything better than her Lady Orreyed in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Her latest appearance was in "Hot Water" at the Criterion, when she showed aptitude in the fussy and farcical part Mrs. Pattleton.

The other evening George Capel, well known as manager, actor, and writer, was telling me something of his early experiences, and his tale of the platform cigar is far too good to escape publication. I will try to tell it in his own words: "When I used to travel round the provinces in the old days," he said, "there used to be some funny sights. You know that nearly all the travelling companies pass through the big junction at Derby; in fact, on one Sunday when I was present there were more than twelve thousand actors and actresses to be seen. Now, while the train was travelling towards the junction you might have seen the 'pros' with clay pipes in their mouths and shabby caps on their heads playing with greasy packs of cards; but as soon as they were near the junction there would be a transformation. Off would go the smoking cap, and the pipe would be carefully hidden, while from the rack would come a top coat with a wisp of astrachan and a rakish-looking hat. Then the crowning glory of the get-up, the platform cigar, would be lighted, and the 'pro.'

would step out at Derby as though the railway company belonged to him. His acquaintances were all 'Deah boy,' business was always magnificent—even though, in point of fact, the ghost had not walked on the previous day. Nature smiled upon the mummer, and his swagger would nearly raise the station roof. But when the changing was over, and the mummer continued his journey, the coat and hat were taken off and put upon the rack, the old cap and greasy cards were once more taken out, the platform cigar was put down, and the plebeian clay smoked in its stead. And when another big junction was reached the whole business was repeated."

Journalistic Rome has combined to apply lint and liniment to the scratch inflicted on the pachydermatous hide of the Apostle of Realism. At a banquet given to M. Zola by the Press Association many representatives of art, letters, and politics assembled to do this modern Crier on the Housetops homage. The *chef* at the Grand Hotel was commanded to distinguish himself, and he did so; while twelve Roman mandolinists made softly-suggested music in the courtyard, from which the dining-room opened. Most Italian journals were represented, except the clerical organs, and a discreet oblivion was observed on the burning subject of Pontifical rebuffs. Doubtless, M. Zola will supply in his forthcoming novel the ellipsis which has been created by denial from his redundant inner consciousness in all matters which relate to "Vaticanism," just as he might have done if the British Constitution had been wanting as a sacrificial offering to romance, and an interview with its bye-laws had been declined in his recent visit hereabouts. Nothing must be held sacred by the investigator, *bien entendu*. But the question will still intrude, if in taking away bread he might not give something more palatable to his readers than offal in exchange.

So many of our enterprising evening papers have lately arrogated the right to dispose summarily of China's chief naval station, that a wag with an imagination has written to one, respectfully suggesting that its next *canard* should have further unimpeachable telegrams devoted to news of Re-port Arthur. The editor has offered a reward for his apprehension.

No more jovial event takes place in sporting Galway than the annual opening of their famous Galway Hunt, in which every man is a crack Nimrod, and the ladies—bless them—are never far from the front. It would make one swear Diana herself was a Hibernian to see them on a field day. Great expectations preceded Tuesday's opening meet of the season, and a big field assembled to honour the occasion. But a tragic termination was soon brought to the day's festivity by the sad death of a popular member, Colonel Dudley Persse, whose reputation as a fearless and practical sportsman made his sudden end all the more disastrous. It seems that Colonel Persse put his horse several times at a stiff stone wall, which the animal refused, and on being sent at it again, rolled back, throwing his rider, whose neck was broken. What added to the horrors of this accident was the fact that Mrs. Persse and a number of relatives were present at the time. The whole neighbourhood of Athenry has been, indeed, thrown into mourning by this sad send-off of a promising season.

The British Chamber Music concert in the smaller Queen's Hall, on Nov. 13, was an extremely pleasant affair, and the large audience seemed well satisfied with the programme. It began with a Trio in E by J. C. Ames, which brightened considerably towards the end, and was played with all possible care by Mrs. Liddell, Mr. Ernest Fowles, and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse. Then Mrs. Mary Davies sang in her most ingratiating way three charming songs, words by A. P. Graves, of "Father O'Flynn" fame, and music by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. They might appropriately be titled, "Songs of the Seasons." The first work of Mr. Leonard N. Fowles, a Sonata in D for piano and viola, was interpreted by the composer and his brother. It would hardly be fair to criticise an "Op. 1" very severely, but I must say the Sonata had no great merits, and was decidedly amateur. I would gladly have stayed to hear Samuel Wesley's Trio in D, although three pianos are rather overpowering, but there was a concert in the adjoining large Queen's Hall claiming attention, so to it I passed.

The London Choral Union is progressing: its performance of "Elijah" was much better than "The Messiah," although its rendering of the latter work, when given some months ago, won praise. I was glad to see, too, a larger audience. The conductor, Mr. James W. Lewis, was energetic and efficient; one or two "leads" he hardly persuaded the chorus to take, but, on the whole, Mendelssohn's oratorio received a careful performance. The orchestra is not quite accustomed to that interdependence which is a consummation devoutly to be wished with regard to such a body of musicians. For instance, "Be Not Afraid" hardly went with the orchestral verve to which one is accustomed. The choir of 400 voices maintained its freshness until the end of the concert, and at times was almost too delighted to exhibit enthusiasm. Mr. Lewis may be trusted, however, to obtain even far better results in the next concerts of this admirable series. As for the soloists, Miss Kate Cove sang "Hear ye, Israel" with fine expression and restraint, concluding with a reserve of strength which proved how well acquainted she is with the exactions of this solo. Miss Meredith Elliott and Mr. Harper Kearton were thoroughly successful, and Mr. Andrew Black seems rapidly excelling his own good record.



## THE NEW VESTRY ERA.

## WOMEN CANDIDATES FOR KENSINGTON.

Ladies have lost no time in availing themselves of the provision in the Local Government Act of 1894 which allows them to become members of London vestries. South Kensington is divided into five wards, and for each of them a lady has valiantly come forward, and we have the pleasure of giving these candidates' portraits. First in order of eminence, and also as to public knowledge, is Viscountess Harberton, whose



VISCOUNTESS HARBERTON.

name has long been familiar as belonging to a pioneer in various movements connected with the advance of women. Her ladyship, who is contesting the Brompton Ward, is the wife of Viscount Harberton, to whom she was married thirty-three years ago. She is the daughter of Mr. William Wallace Legge, of Malone House, in the county of Antrim. Her husband is sixteenth Viscount Harberton; he has in no way come into public notice prominently, and almost the only fact of his uneventful history in Burke's "Peerage" is his age, which is fifty-eight. The motto of the Harbertons is "*Virtutis fortuna comes*" ("Success is the companion of valour"), and it augurs well for the success of Lady

Harberton in her coming battle. It is interesting, too, to recall that it was the motto of the Duke of Wellington. Lady Harberton has had her name associated with the vexed subject of dress reform. Lately her Ladyship has had the satisfaction of seeing many of her views accepted by large numbers of her young countrywomen, the ancestors of whom would have been horrified at the idea of a "divided skirt" or any such novelty.

Mrs. Bevan, of 46, Queen's Gate Terrace, who is the candidate for the Queen's Gate Ward, seems qualified both by her residence in it and also by reason of her excellent work in various directions. Often the most valuable members of a vestry are those whose labours receive no publicity, and Mrs. Bevan appears to be a lady who is admirably adapted to administer the complicated laws which a vestry has to interpret for the public weal.

To Mrs. Morgan, of 7, Roland Gardens, who hopes to be returned for Redcliffe Ward, much of the foregoing applies with equal force. Seeing

that there are 8000 women ratepayers in Kensington, it is but just for them to claim direct representation by their own sex.

Miss Eleanor Bairdsmith, of 81, Lexham Gardens, who is the candidate for Earl's Court Ward, has, as every observer of her portrait will believe, enthusiasm restrained by knowledge and logic, and is a splendid type of enlightened womanhood. There ought to be no difficulty in securing her return.

Miss Isabel Gwynne, of 28, Campden Grove, is offering herself to the voters in Holland Ward. She has engaged in a variety of work which has given her a high claim to the office for which she is now a candidate.

These ladies state in their address to the electors, which is both brief and pithy, that they come forward as "practical women," and a list of their supporters includes a wide variety of influential names, such as Lady Frances Balfour, Madame Sarah Grand, Mrs. Fisher Unwin (who is a daughter of Richard Cobden), Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrison, the generous benefactors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and no less than seventeen Kensington vestrymen.

The date of the election is fixed for Dec. 15, and Miss Lillian E. Braye is acting as election agent for the five ladies.

Considering the large amount of vestry work which is well within the sphere of women, it is a welcome sign of the times to find ladies prepared to devote time, energy, and sympathy to this not very grateful position. In the election for the School Board for London a proportion of the candidates are ladies. Miss Davenport Hill again places her services, which have been of great value in the past, at the disposal of the electors, and in all probability will again be returned to continue the disinterested labours which have gained her so much esteem. Miss Constance Elder is seeking the suffrages of Westminster, and has shown in her speeches a careful appreciation of the importance of the duties to which she proposes to devote herself. The day when ladies will cross the threshold of St. Stephen's as Members of Parliament is, in the opinion of good judges, not far distant. But apart from such speculations, one may welcome women into such public work as is suited to their powers, and vestries come assuredly under this designation. We hope that each of the ladies mentioned will be victorious at the poll.



MRS. BEVAN.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MISS ISABEL GWYNNE.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W.



MISS BAIRDSMITH.

Photo by Winglow and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MRS. MORGAN.

Photo by C. Vandyk.



## THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS.

## MR. RILEY SPEAKS FOR THE MODERATES.

The man to go to for a statement of what the School Board fight is all about, viewed from the point of view of the Moderate party, was, of course, Mr. Athelstan Riley. He was good enough (a *Sketch* interviewer writes) to give me the bigger half of an hour the other afternoon.

Mr. Riley is a young man, thirty-six only, and was born in London, and educated at Eton and at Oxford, where he took his degree in 1884. He has travelled extensively, in the East particularly, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He is honorary treasurer of the Church Education and Voluntary Schools Defence Union for the Metropolis, and is a member of the London Diocesan Conference and of the House of Laymen for the Province of Canterbury. His wife, who gives most popular "at homes" at their fine house in Kensington, is the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. and Rev. Viscount Molesworth.

"What do the Moderates say the fight over the schools is all about?"

"In the first place," said Mr. Riley, "it is the old contest between those who are supporters of efficiency with economical administration, and those who have no regard as to the amount of money taken from



Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

MR. ATHELSTAN RILEY.

the ratepayers. The one thing that the Progressive party, as a whole, do not care for is the interest of the ratepayer—economy; and they don't profess it. We, on the other hand, desire that there should be a thoroughly good, a thoroughly efficient education in the schools; but we maintain that the School Board ought to be administered economically, because if education is made expensive and a burden on the ratepayer, it means that it will thereby become unpopular. Need I say how important a thing it is that education should not be made unpopular?

"A few figures will show how the Moderate majority on the Board now retiring have, as compared with the previous Progressive Board, spent less money, done more work, and obtained a high degree of efficiency in the schools. The preceding Board in its last year of office drew from the ratepayers £1,483,000, while in our last year we have spent £1,422,000, or about £60,000 less. While our predecessors had in hand a balance of £107,000, we have a balance of £126,000, or £19,000 more. When they came into office the rate was 8d. in the £, and it had increased to 11d. before they went out. We found it at 11d., and we have not only not increased it, but we have reduced it to 10½d. It has been reduced notwithstanding that many expenses, such as salaries of teachers, are automatically increasing, and notwithstanding that we have spent not less than £100,000 during the past three years in putting

right the drains and other sanitary arrangements of the Board schools, which were scandalously built under former Progressive Boards.

"At the same time, we have provided more than double the additional places the previous Board provided, and we are educating more children. As to the charge of staffing the schools, the best test is the Government grant. While the previous Board earned in its last year 19s. 0½d. a child, we earned last year 19s. 9½d. a child—the highest grant ever earned in London. But the election this time will turn, to a very great extent, upon the religious question. It is asserted by the other side that we began the controversy. As a matter of fact, the first of a series of attacks on Christian teaching in the schools by the Progressives was made in 1885. All the present Board have done has been to set up a barrier to endeavour to stem the anti-religious tide. In this controversy our great, if not our only, difficulty is to cope with the vast mass of misrepresentation of every sort and kind with which the Radical Press is teeming.

"Our opponents are divided into two classes: first, those who would banish the Bible from the schools and have secular education pure and simple; and, secondly, those who, while retaining the Bible in the schools, refuse to take any steps to see that it is interpreted to Christian children in a Christian sense.

"The controversy has arisen over the meaning of the old rule of the Board, known as the Compromise, which provided that instruction was to be given in the principles of religion from the Bible. We maintain that that was a compromise between Christians and Christians—namely, between Churchmen and Christian Nonconformists, and that under it the cardinal doctrines of Christian faith, such as the Divinity of Christ, common to all Christian denominations, must be taught in the schools. This is what the other side deny. We are told that when the Bible is explained to our Christian children neutrality is to be observed as to the Divinity of Christ, because that is a 'sectarian' doctrine, and some go so far as to say that nothing may be taught in a Board school to which any ratepayer can object—which means, of course, that no religion at all can be taught.

"While safeguarding the rights of Christian parents, the majority of the retiring Board has equally safeguarded the rights of Jewish parents, and the principles which I state in my election address to have guided us throughout this controversy have been the following—

"We believe that it is necessary for the welfare, both of the individual and the State, that religion should not be banished from our national education, more especially as the Conscience Clause enables a parent to obtain a purely secular education for his child if he so wishes.

"We believe that a parent who is compelled by law to send his child to a public elementary school has the right to know distinctly what religion he will be taught.

"We maintain, moreover, that a parent has the right to have his child brought up in sympathy with his own religious convictions, and not with the religious or irreligious convictions of somebody else.

"It is astounding to me," proceeded Mr. Riley, "to find that there are so many people going about, not only in London, but throughout the whole country, who apparently have a burning desire to teach children a religion which is not the religion of their parents. While doing our best to safeguard the rights of all denominations in Board schools, we, the present majority, have, at the same time, done our utmost to defend the voluntary schools of every denomination, which have been the objects of attack on the part of the minority. We fearlessly appeal to the electors to support us in our defence of the principles of religious liberty and freedom of conscience."

## A PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE'S STANDPOINT.

Now hear what a Progressive has to say, and I take Mr. Graham Wallas, M.A., because he takes a foremost place. He has given his life to education. For ten years he was a schoolmaster, and he is now a University Extension lecturer, and, as such, claims to be "Neither above nor below the species 'teacher.'" For many years, also, he has been a School Manager in one of the London school districts, and is a prominent member of the Progressive School Board Committee. If his theoretical knowledge and practical experience do not make him an ideal candidate for his party, they, at any rate, qualify him to give an opinion on the issues before the electors in the present fight. It was with the feeling that he would be able to tell me "what it is all about" that I repaired to Mr. Wallas's Committee Room in Old Street, Shoreditch. I found him in the midst of his workers, busily engaged over the canvass of the electorate, and took him away for a few minutes to an upper room. Plunging in *medias res* as we ascended the stairs, I asked him to give me concisely the Progressive standpoint.

"The Progressive point of view is simply this," he began. "We hold that the most effective, and in the end the cheapest, administrators of any system are the men and women who believe in it. Nobody quite knows what Mr. Diggle himself believes, but undoubtedly the majority of his party hate the Board school system, and consider themselves returned to the Board not to extend it, but to limit it. A man who believed in the system would have abstained from raising a theological controversy which was certain to injure the peaceful progress of education in the Board schools; but to Mr. Riley and his friends the prospect of such a revolt seems to have been an additional reason for going on their way."



"Is not economy one of the main aims of the present majority?"

"One of the most misleading things constantly alleged," rejoined Mr. Wallas, pacing the room, "is that the whole thing is a question of expense. We are told that if we want better education we must



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. GRAHAM WALLAS, M.A.

pay exactly so much more for it. But the present administrators are not concerned about "better education." This is obvious enough in the case of a man like the Dean of St. Paul's, who, after three years on the Board, boasted that he had never been inside a Board School. The fallacy of this contention is obvious, also, when we think of the overcrowding of the schools and the understaffing of the classes. As a matter of fact, the electors could secure an educational gain without further expense, simply by refusing to re-elect men who interpret their duty in the way the present majority have done. What is less obvious is the constant neglect of opportunities of educational advance, which is the inevitable result of that alliance between the distressed ratepayer and the distressed voluntaryist, which has kept the Board for so many years under the control of a closely-disciplined party, pledged to hinder the working of the machine which they most unwillingly supervise. Take the present moment, for instance: the Secondary Education Commission is attempting to draft a consistent scheme of Continuation schools; the County Council Technical Education Board, with Mr. Acland's help, at South Kensington, is trying to reorganise the evening instruction of London, and at any moment the statutory commission for creating Gresham University may come into existence. So far, the School Board have had, with the exception of Mr. Lyulph Stanley's work on the Technical Board, neither act nor part in this work of reconstruction. If the Board of 1894-7 is again to be controlled by the same men, the loss to the future intellectual, moral, and artistic development of England, as well as London, would, if it could be represented by money at all, undoubtedly exceed scores of millions of pounds."

"What is your opinion of the attitude of the Church?"

"The Church of England has done much good work in the past, and perhaps is doing an increasing amount to-day, but its leading members have never grasped the idea 'that a man should look upon his neighbour as himself, and his neighbour's children as his own.' When the average clergyman is choosing a school for his son he thinks first of the efficiency of the school as a place of general education, and next of that vague moral atmosphere which makes its 'traditional tone.' He is willing, if this can be secured, to accept such a working compromise in the matter of religious teaching as can perhaps be accepted by parents differing widely in opinion from himself. It is only when the clergy are fighting for the control of schools to which their children do not go that you get so astonishing a spectacle as the present School Board election campaign, in which hardly any candidate on Mr. Diggle's side gives anything more than a perfunctory reference to educational efficiency, and the whole power of the Church organisation is put forward to capture the schools for propagandist purposes."

"Whatever the result of this election may be," concluded Mr. Wallas as we came down stairs, "we shall fight on, hoping for the time when the vague ideals of those whose children do go to the Board schools shall take definite form. There has been much that is lamentable enough in the controversies of the last two years; but one effect, at any rate, we expect to see revealed at the polls is a large and, perhaps, permanent increase in the interest which the average working-class elector takes in the triennial School Board contest."

## MISS ETHEL SYDNEY.

The outer door of the flat in West Kensington where Miss Ethel Sydney resides was no sooner opened than I caught the strains of H. Bamberg's pretty song, "Love, the Thief," being sung in *allegère* soprano of considerable power, therefore I knew that I should find Miss Sydney at home. After complimenting her on her voice, which I ascertained had been trained by Signor Leoni, I fell into an easy chat with this pretty actress about her short connection with the stage, for it only dates from six months ago, when she joined "A Gaiety Girl" company. Her novice embraced understudying Miss Decima Moore and Miss Nesville in the respective parts of Mina and Rose Brierley. But twice she was called on to take up each of these rôles, and her rendering of Miss Nesville's well-known song of "When Your Pride has had a Tumble" was quite a revelation to the house, as it was said. Since the transference of "A Gaiety Girl" to Daly's, Miss Sydney has been playing one of the society girls, and very naturally, of course, being herself of gentle birth—she is the daughter of a deceased field officer, and was born in British Burmah. In the second act of the play, where the scene is on the sea coast, and the ladies appear in bathing costume, Miss Sydney must feel particularly at home, for be it known to the readers of *The Sketch* that Miss Sydney is a naïad of no small natatory powers, inasmuch as she is the proud holder of the gold



Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

MISS ETHEL SYDNEY AS A SOCIETY GIRL IN "A GAIETY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

medal as Champion Amateur Lady Swimmer of Portsmouth of five years ago. No easy victory, apparently, was hers, either, for she had to compete against twenty-three other competitors, while she wrested victory from the lady who had been the holder of the belt (?) for three years previously.

Miss Sydney is ambitious of reaching the tree-top of dramatic art in light comic opera. Her goal is to be a *prima donna*. These aspirations date from her childhood, and I can but wish her every success. L.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Nov. 17, 1894.

The settlement has passed off very quietly, with only one failure in London, but a rather more important one in Glasgow, where Mexican Rails have been the chief cause of the trouble. Two or three months' bills have hardened appreciably, but large sums in gold, amounting to nearly a million, are on their way here from Australia and the Cape. We expect the floating supply of cash will be considerably diminished before the end of the year, but there is no sign of anything like stringency in the near future, and first-class gilt-edged securities, such as Consols and Home Corporation Bonds, keep advancing, despite the warning which the Governor of the Bank gave us at the last half-yearly meeting. There is talk of Brazilian borrowing, and the Bank of Spain is likely to offer to the public a large block of 5 per cent. bonds of the Spanish Tobacco Monopoly Company, in consequence of an operation for dealing with the floating debt.

The scandals which have grown up under the Joint Stock Companies' Acts have at last induced the Government to appoint a committee to inquire into the subject, and on the whole, dear Sir, the *personnel* of the tribunal has been received with approval. If a middle course can be steered between too much officialism and too little supervision much good may come of the inquiry, but several of the Committee have grown fat on the abuses which it is appointed to consider, so that you must not expect too much.

You ask us what you are to do with the large amounts you have locked up in the deposits of various Australian banks which have been reconstructed, and we really hardly know what to advise. If you want the money, and are prepared to make a sacrifice to get it, you can, of course, sell your deposit notes, and for your guidance we append the following list of current quotations: Colonial Bank of Australia, 14s. 6d.; Commercial of Australia, 16s. 3d.; Commercial of Australia (ten years), 14s. 2d.; English, Scottish, and Australian 4 per cent debentures, 15s. 6d.; English, Scottish, and Australian inscribed stock, 14s. 3d.; London Bank of Australia, 17s. 3d.; Commercial of Sydney, par; Queensland National, 15s.; Australian Joint Stock Bank 16s. 9d. Probably the simplest plan for you to adopt, dear Sir, would be to instruct the London office of the bank whose deposit receipts you desired to sell to dispose of them for you in Melbourne or Sydney, and remit the proceeds by draft; but if you will communicate with us as to what you wish to dispose of, we could arrange it for you through our own correspondents in the Australian capitals. As to your shares in the reconstructed institutions, you must possess your soul in patience and await events, for they are quite unsaleable, and will probably remain so until the calls are all paid.

The movements in Home Railway stocks during the week have mostly been of an upward nature, the largest gain being nearly 2½ points in North Eastern Consols. Apart from the difficulty of finding investments, and the extravagant prices to which all gilt-edged stocks have been pushed, there is little to encourage buyers, for the traffic returns continue very poor, and it is certain that in the majority of cases the results of the current year will be below those of 1892.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is here, and the chartered market has been active; indeed, the shares have touched 42s. buyers, but are now a little cheaper. We feel confident that if you sold now you will be able to buy again at lower prices; but, for the present, it may be we are in for a further rise. Mr. Rudd's speech at the Goldfields meeting was much liked, and your purchase of three weeks ago already shows a fine profit. Inasmuch as you hold nothing but good shares, and we are not advising for speculative purposes, we think you may hold on to your Van Ryns, Glencairns, Meyer and Charlton, and Clewer Estates, although a set back in prices is by no means outside the range of probability.

The great Londonderry Mine is out, with its gigantic capital and two real live Earls on the board. On Friday the shares were 3-8 to 5-8 premium, but there has never been an active market, and the closing price to-day was par to 1-8 premium.

We think it is very likely that the shares may be pushed to a good premium after the lists have closed, but the capital is too big, and the mine too sensational for our money. The Earl of Fingall bought from John Huxley and his mates on Sept. 13 last for £180,000 and one-sixth of the shares of this company, or, say, £296,000 in cash and shares; and he got one Casey to pay the deposit of £10,000, and to provide £5000 for his Lordship to play with in London, the profits of the venture being divided, three-fifths to Casey, one-fifth to the Earl, and one-fifth to one T. H. Myring. Having thus secured the property and the ready money to float it with, the noble lord arrived in London, and for some unexplained reason took the Nitrate King into partnership for nothing, giving the astute Colonel a clear one-half of the venture, we suppose for his help in forming the company. Having bought for £296,000 in September last the adventurers now kindly offer to allow the British public to repurchase at £650,000, and having actually paid £10,000 with a further promise to pay (when the company was formed) £170,000 in cash, now ask £417,000 in cash, or a profit of £237,000 in money alone, without reckoning the 116,000 shares which they cut up. The affair is a fine thing for the noble Earl, who gets his share of the profits without having to find any money at all; a finer thing for Casey, who risked £15,000 and makes over £100,000; and the finest thing in the world for Colonel North, who stays quietly at home and without a shilling of expenditure picks up £170,000 for some unexplained reason, which no fellow can understand.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE BRITISH AND COLONIAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering £170,000 5 per cent. first mortgage debentures at par. There appears to be value for these debentures, but steamships are peculiar things to lend money upon, as every lawyer knows, and we have seen many 5 per cent. investments which we like better than these bonds, especially as there is sure to be a very limited market for them, and it will be very much easier to get in than to sell out.

ST. LOUIS MERCHANTS BRIDGE TERMINAL RAILWAY COMPANY 5 per cent. first mortgage gold bonds are offered by Messrs. Brown, Shipley, and Co. at 103, and for anyone wishing a fairly sound gold bond, returning a high rate of interest, we consider no better opportunity is likely to be offered than is presented by this issue.

FAGG'S WHITE HART HOTEL, LIMITED, Margate, has been turned into a joint stock company, and £10,000 4½ debentures and 2800 shares of £5 each are being offered to the public. We should think both securities safe enough, but, from the smallness of the issues, they will be quite unmarketable. Such things are better left alone.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVESTOR.—If you will comply with the rules for private letters, we will send you the names of the brokers, but we cannot turn this column into an advertising medium by publishing names of either dealers in lottery bonds or brokers in them, and for a private letter we must have a fee of five shillings, and a stamped and directed envelope for the reply sent with the inquiry.

A. J. P.—Buy Imperial Continental Gas stock with your £500, but don't deal with the outside touts whose circular you send us.

SANDA.—We don't advise lottery bonds, and the price Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. ask you for them is too high. We will send you the name of a respectable firm who will buy what you want at the proper market price if you are bent on a gamble.

RANGOON.—We have sent your letter to the firm of dealers in lottery bonds, and they will write to you.

W. S., S. B., AND C. G. B.—We thank you for your enclosures, and hope you have received our private letters.

PAUL.—We believe the firm you mention to be safe; but, of course, they puff their own stocks.

A. B. C.—There were negotiations for amalgamation between this bank and the Bank of New Zealand, but they have broken down. We do not advise you to place money on deposit. If you want 4½ per cent., why not try something which you can turn into cash at a moment's notice, such as Imperial Continental Gas stock, or first-rate Colonial Corporation bonds. If you wish we will furnish you privately with half-a-dozen 4½ per cent. investments of this nature, which are far better than locking your money up in Colonial bank deposits.

MILITIA.—You had better hold on to your new shares. We don't think much of them, but there is no help for you.

RUSSELL.—You are obliged to pay. The liquidator can charge interest. Pay up, and wipe it off as a bad debt.

KIRK.—We do not think you can sell, so it is no use advising sale. You can't help paying the call, nor can you get the company wound up, therefore it is a waste of words to argue the points. The directorate is certainly respectable, but we have a poor opinion of the prospects of the concern.

E. G. L.—We have sent you a copy of our last letter. Why don't you have a speculation in African mines if you want to have a dash at something?

W. B.—We don't think you can expect your shares to recover their former value, but we advise you to hold on, as there seems every prospect of, at least, some improvement. We are very nearly at the bottom now, and you should hold, perhaps, for a year or so, taking care to sell on any strong upward movement.

WILLIS.—We think well of it, as it comes from a proper quarter, and the management is in good hands.

S. J.—(1) Don't touch it. (2 and 3) Good industrial concerns, but you must be prepared to take bad years with good ones. (4) A good progressive investment, but we think well of it. If you want to be quite sure why not try the preference shares. (5) A fair industrial risk. (6) The liability is too great to make this investment worth buying. We would rather hold Australian Mortgage Land and Finance shares if you want this sort of thing.

FAITH.—Don't deal with George Gregory and Co. They profess not to charge commission or contango, but the former they probably put on to the price, and the latter they unblushingly charge in their accounts.

CORONA.—Your answer last week contained an error. The sentence should have read: "We prefer mines with a more reasonable amount to pay dividends upon, or mines like Ferreira and Co."





"REALLY?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## THE HON. CECIL RHODES AT HOME.

BY STUART CUMBERLAND.

We have had several interesting visitors of late from South Africa, but none more so than Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who has just come back among us for a time. We all know about Mr. Rhodes, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony; Mr. Rhodes, the statesman who has placed Mashonaland and Matabeleland under the sphere of British influence, and whose dream it is further to colour red the map of Africa; but of Mr. Rhodes the man as he is at home we do not know so much, and anything about him in this direction will not, I take it, be without interest.

Mr. Rhodes's residence is situated at Rondebosch, some five miles from Cape Town; it is the show-house of the district, or will be when the extensive alterations which it is at present undergoing are completed. Originally an old Dutch farmhouse, since it has come into Mr. Rhodes's possession it has been considerably remodelled and extended, and everything foreign to pure Dutch architecture removed. There is the large entrance-hall, with its heavy oak ceiling, the old-fashioned fire-grate for log-firing in the centre, an ancient Dutch clock in one corner, and an oak chest in another. A massive staircase leads to the bed-rooms, with their quaint windows and oak ceilings above, and from off the hall is the Prime Minister's study, dining and reception rooms. Left of the entrance a new wing is being built after the same style of architecture, and when finished Groote Schuur will remind one of the many palatial country residences one comes across during a ramble through Holland. There is little that is English about the place except the bed-room furniture, for Mr. Rhodes desires to have everything in keeping with his idea of an old-time Dutch house—a house, in fact, somewhat after the style of the quaint old country residence at Constantia, once the abode of a famous Dutch governor.

The present dining-room, where Mr. Rhodes has entertained the various local celebrities, and, from time to time, the distinguished visitors to Cape Colony, is the most cheerful room in the house, and there, at the head of the table, the Premier, as a *raconteur*, is at his best. But the room which, although the most modern in its appearance, contains Mr. Rhodes's most treasured curios, is the present reception-room. There, hanging from the walls, is an ancient Portuguese flag, side by side with a slightly more modern but battle-worn Union Jack, and about the room are various Kaffir trophies. In a glass case against the window opening on to the carriage drive is an interesting collection of curiosities: specimens of gold from Mashonaland and Matabeleland, quaint carved ornaments, gold and bead necklaces found in the ruins at Zimbabwe, and a number of old Portuguese and Dutch coins dug up in the grounds outside the house. The latest addition is the seal of the late Lobengula, brought from Matabeleland by Mr. Dawson. One of the curios that Mr. Rhodes most prizes is a bird carved in stone found at Zimbabwe. It is exceedingly well carved, but how old or by whom fashioned is all a matter of conjecture. Mr. Rhodes thinks it Phœnician work; most probably it is. It doesn't, anyhow, resemble any known living bird, and it is, I should say, meant to typify the mythical phoenix. Mr. Rhodes, in addition to having become possessed of Lobengula's seal, has just added the dead warrior's gun to his quaint collection.

There is no touch of a woman's hand about the arrangements at Groote Schuur, for Mr. Rhodes will only have male servants about him, but so perfectly kept is everything that it is difficult to believe that the real *Hausfrau* is a man.

Mr. Rhodes is a most charming host and a brilliant conversationalist, and no one ever sits down to table with him at Groote Schuur without being improved with the wideness of his information and his extensive knowledge of human nature.

Yet, in spite of his superior knowledge of things in general and men in particular, Mr. Rhodes is a singularly modest man, a man absolutely without "side." He affects a simplicity in dress, so much so, in fact, as to frequently give rise to comment. He wears no jewellery, and as often as not goes out without his watch; while, millionaire though he is, his shortness of ready cash in his pocket is proverbial.

*A propos* of this an amusing and, at the same time, a true story is told. At the opening of the Kimberley Exhibition a grand dinner, at which Sir Henry and Lady Loch were present, was given to Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes arrived at the Exhibition gates without his pass, and was refused admission by the gate-keeper, who did not recognise him. Asking how much the entrance money was, Mr. Rhodes put his hand into various pockets, to find that he had not the necessary two shillings about him: "Perhaps my watch will do?" he asked, and he felt in his pocket, only to find that he had even left his watch at home. All this time the company was anxiously awaiting the Premier's arrival.

"Don't you know that I am the Prime Minister?" said Mr. Rhodes.

"Know it? Of course I don't. You'll be saying as you're Mr. Cecil Rhodes himself next."

At last, a man passing into the Exhibition advanced Mr. Rhodes the necessary florin, and he was able to join the dinner party.

Mr. Rhodes afterwards, I understand, sent the friend in need a five-pound note. He is always doing good turns to those who stuck to him and believed in him in the old days, and those who know him well know that a kinder-hearted man or a truer friend does not exist. He is a lover of tobacco, and his best stories are told over a glass of Burgundy, of which he has some choice vintages in his cellars, and an Egyptian cigarette. An early riser, he invariably reaches his office at Cape Town between nine and ten o'clock, and during the Parliamentary session works there and receives visitors until he takes his seat in the House. He is one of the most hard-working men in all South Africa.

## FRÄULEIN WIETROWETZ.

One of the highest honours that could be accorded to a violinist in London is to be asked to lead the famous instrumentalists who appear at Messrs. Chappell's Popular Concerts. To fill the post occupied by Dr. Joachim or Lady Hallé is equivalent to acting as Viceroy in the metropolitan world of music. This compliment has fallen unusually early in the career of Fräulein Gabriele Wietrowetz, who, at the beginning of the last two or three seasons, has appeared at these concerts with great success. The young lady plays with all the accurate intonation and care of her master, Professor Joachim, though, of course, she lacks the half-century of experience and unique art which is possessed by him. She believes in interpreting what the composer wrote, rather than importing into the rendering the personality of the player. The herald of Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé, Fräulein Wietrowetz



Photo by Lavender, Bromley.

FRÄULEIN WIETROWETZ.

has evidently a bright future before her as a violinist of splendid executive powers, and one whose intellectual perceptions are keen and sympathetic. She was born at Laibach, in South Austria, and began to learn the violin, under the tuition of her father, at the age of five years. When eleven years of age she went to the Conservatoire of Music in Graz, and studied under Professor Ferdinand Casper. On leaving this school she obtained the Eller prize, which is the highest award possible. Immediately after this she went to Berlin, where she had the good fortune to enter at once Dr. Joseph Joachim's class in the famous Hochschule. After a year's study, she was one of seventeen who competed for the Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Prize, and Fräulein Wietrowetz won it. She received it again two years afterwards.

Among many marks of approval with which Dr. Joachim distinguished her, one may be mentioned, namely, the gift of one of his portraits, with this inscription—

Der ständigen Schülerin Gabriele Wietrowetz in aufrichtiger Bewunderung ihres meisterlichen Spiels.—JOSEPH JOACHIM, Berlin, Dezember 1891.

Fräulein Wietrowetz has had successful concerts in Holland, Norway, Switzerland, and Germany, and we are learning to look for an annual visit from her to this country. When playing Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor for the first time at the Saturday Popular Concert on Nov. 10, she had the misfortune to snap a violin string just in the middle of the last movement. Fräulein Wietrowetz looked for a moment dismayed, but recognising the impossibility of continuing *à la* Paganini, minus the string, she retired from the platform. Subsequently, she re-appeared, and, amid extra enthusiasm, played the movement with even greater effect than before. This was just what one expected from the resolute face of the young violinist.

Some there are who consider her greater as a soloist than as a leader, and they charge her with a lack of passion; but it must be remembered that in a quartet or quintet a heavier responsibility rests upon a violinist who is leading than in the rendering of a solo.

LUTE.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## M. THIERS AND HIS HISTORIES.\*

M. Thiers, in his time, which was a long one, played many parts. By this generation he is best known as the first President of the existing French Republic, and as the man who restored peace and order to France after the crowning folly of the Empire. But that was in 1870, and M. Thiers was then already seventy-three. Meanwhile he had been known to our fathers, of the days of Peel and Palmerston, as a great French Parliamentary leader, who became Foreign Minister before he was forty. Even earlier, for Louis Adolph Thiers was born with a pen in his hand; he had won fame and power as a writer.

The son of a Marseilles locksmith, Thiers, a reluctant law student, by 1821 threw off the advocate's gown, and found his way to Paris. There, aged twenty-four, living in a humble lodging, with no superfluous furniture, he was ready to write on anything, and did write on many things—on Cologne Cathedral and on John Law, the Scotch adventurer; on George Ann Bellamy, the English actress; on contemporary French art, and on a tour in the Pyrenees. But soon Thiers had settled down to political journalism. Once upon the staff of the *Constitutionnel*, which he joined when twenty-four, he had his chance, and he knew how to use it. He was a Constitutional Monarchist, and he saw clearly what he wanted. He became a powerful "pressman." Ours was then his ideal Government. The Jacobite spirit was not dead, but Thiers bade his countrymen look across the Channel and not across the ocean. Until his latest years, when he found that a republic was the form of government which "divided France the least," Thiers remained a moderate Monarchist. But he was, of course, always an Opportunist, for did he not become a legislator and a Minister of State?

Writing in the *Constitutionnel*, he became known in literary society, and had soon a stroke of good luck, which is, we believe, not so common in journalism as it should be. One of the proprietors made over to Thiers his share of the profits. Meanwhile, within two years of his arrival in Paris, there appeared the first two volumes of Thiers' "History of the French Revolution." It ran to ten volumes; the last two came out in 1827. Thiers, as he himself tells us, had always been very fond of history, and nothing did so much for his early fame as this "History of the French Revolution." It appeared when many who had taken part in that great movement were still alive, and when the works of the famous later historians of the same period, known to us, had no existence.

The origin of Thiers' first historical work is curious. Some Paris booksellers had given to Félix Bodin, an historical hack worker, a commission to write a short history of the Revolution, which was to appear in four duodecimos. Bodin persuaded Thiers to join him in the task. The four volumes were written and printed off. Then the booksellers thought a better thing might be made of it. The four volumes were destroyed, and out came two octavo volumes bearing the names of Bodin and Thiers. The third and later volumes were published in Thiers' name alone. The book was an apology for the Revolution, and added to Thiers' literary and political fame. It was four times translated into English. It was, after a second edition of the original, severely reviewed by Croker in the *Quarterly*, and its errors and opinions were denounced. Mr. Morse Stephen, our latest writer of authority on the period, says that Thiers' History of the Revolution is "often inaccurate, and often unfair." It is, in truth, inferior to other works on this period. "Thiers," said Carlyle, "is a brisk man in his way, and will tell you much if you know nothing."

This history and his newspaper articles led Thiers into active politics. As a Minister of State, he had no time for great literary undertakings. It was only after his retirement in 1840 that Thiers settled down to that

*magnum opus* of which a new edition, or reprint, in English, is just now completed. The first of the twenty large octavo volumes of the "Consulate and Empire" appeared in Paris in 1845. The body of Napoleon had, chiefly through Thiers, been brought from St. Helena to Paris, and there was a recrudescence of Imperialism. In sympathy with this spirit, Thiers began, continued, and ended his work. The *Coup d'État* of 1851 drove him into political retirement, and he went on with this history till 1862, when the last of the twenty volumes appeared. D. Forbes Campbell's translations, originally in twenty volumes, also appeared at about the same time, and Croker's *Quarterly* article, since republished, shows some of Thiers' defects.

"The Consulate and the Empire" in its English coat is now re-issued in twelve volumes. The fact that of this work, as well as of Thiers' "French Revolution," there have been at least four English translations, shows that it has been in demand here. But the present higher standards

of historical research ought to have ensured some good maps and plans of battles. Every good history now has these, and Thiers especially needs them. We could willingly have spared the three worn steel plates, which reappear in each volume, for good maps.

The mere bulk of this work will strike terror into the heart of all but University Extension students. Gibbon is a serious task; but Gibbon is child's play to Thiers. We have made a calculation, and find that Thiers' "Consulate and Empire" contains more than three millions of words, and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" under one million and a half. Who is sufficient for such things? Yet Thiers' "Consulate and Empire" is a book that no historical library dare lack. It is far superior to his work on the Revolution, but it has some of the same faults. It is unfair. It is far too Napoleonic. It was written when much original material, including Napoleon's correspondence, now published, had not seen the light. It is without notes of reference to authorities, and the accounts of battles, in which Thiers gratified his own passion for "military topics" and the dangerous vanity of his fellow-countrymen, are too long. One may even read through all these volumes, but he will know, or should, while days and nights thus go by, that it is, after all, but one side of the truth, and that the other side is to be read. Some of Thiers' severest critics have been Frenchmen, and that other side can be read in De Martel's book on Fantastic Historians, in Lanfrey's

great work on Napoleon, or in Taine's "Modern Régime," or briefly in Sir John Seeley's able essay on Napoleon. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, Thiers and his side of the case cannot be ignored. His is one of the few great connected histories of the whole period. He writes with French clearness, and weaves together an overwhelming mass of facts. He writes also, as did Macaulay, with the immense advantage of a large personal experience in public life. Even by those who do not read all these three millions of words—that is to say, nine-tenths, or more, of those who read history at all—Thiers should be read in parts at least. Skip some of the battles, but read of the great work done by Napoleon as a powerful civil but centralising administrator. In one of Thiers' latest speeches, 1872, he stated that the great need of France was decentralisation. Yet the work done by Napoleon in restoring order and supplying by his Code modern laws in the place of old, dead feudalism was great and necessary.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



M. THIERS.

\* "Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon." Translated by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing. Twelve volumes, 1893-4. London: Chatto and Windus.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## GEORGE'S SECRET.

BY E. F. BENSON.

What George's secret was we shall never know, because George has lost it as irretrievably as you lose the Nice Rapide at the Gare de Lyon, if you are unwise enough to take the Ceinture Railway round Paris. But Tom and I saw George in the full possession of his secret for two long June days, that secret which set him on a pinnacle higher than the kings of the earth, and as Tom can never even hear it alluded to, much less allude to it himself, without becoming blasphemous, it is left for me to recount its manifestations.

It was on this wise:

Tom is fonder of fishing than anyone else I have ever seen, and I am much more devoted to fishing than Tom. Therefore, it happened that one long vacation we rushed away from Cambridge as soon as term was over to a stream which I shall call Euphrates, because it is a river of Paradise. Pison, the first river of Paradise, is in Ross-shire, and the salmon of Pison are as strong as bullocks, and as pink as the rosy-fingered morn. Gihon is in Norway, and the salmon there are as strong as the four-year-old bulls and as nobly born as the Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and the salmon-trout are as the sand of the sea for number. Hiddekel is in Hampshire, and the trout of Hiddekel are as shy as the red deer on the mountains over Gihon; yet if you go like Agag, delicately, they will yield themselves over to the dry fly, that siren in whose hands even Ulysses would have been as wax.

But Euphrates is in Devonshire, and the man who has not fished Euphrates in June knows not the joy of the rivers of Paradise. Brawling down between the knees and elbows of Exmoor it goes, and it knows not drought nor dearth. Here it burrows between walls of good red rock, chafing for the sea, and here it lies with a stretch of meadow land on each side, and overhung with alders and slim poplar trees, loitering along from shallow to weir, and weir to pool, and it is below the weir in the flat meadow land, and all down the pools to where they begin to break into foam and ripple again, that the big trout lie.

Far be it from me to speak against the dry fly—for have I not fished in Hiddekel?—yet, in many moods, wet fly fishing pleases me more. With the dry fly, you spy your trout as if he were a stag, and then proceed to inveigle him. What you gain in diplomacy you lose in mystery. But in the Euphrates you may cast your fly upon the waters blindly and at random. There are many trout in all the pools, and big ones in each, and who knows but that each cast may not be just over the snout of some giant intent on feeding? But though the trout of Euphrates will take the wet fly well and eagerly, they are no fools. The fly must be cast to their liking, it must touch the water with less noise than the echo of a dream, its touch must be as light as Titania's kiss, or they will have none of it, and the gut must be as fine as gut can be, for there is nothing finer than gut. Such at least were the demands of the Euphrates trout, before George's secret revolutionised their habits, and such are their demands now that George has lost his secret. But for two days the laws of the Medes and Persians were repealed. George repealed them, and the annoying thing about it is that he has not the least idea what laws he substituted for them.

George had never fished before, he told us, and when we saw him begin we saw no reason to doubt his word. The first evening we were there we rushed out for an hour or two; but George said he would only come and watch us. He attached himself to me, and hardly took the trouble to conceal his contempt when I caught nothing for ten minutes. He also began pitching pebbles into the water until he was stopped. However, in the course of the hour I caught six, and George said he thought it looked pretty easy.

Next morning, after breakfast, we all went down to the stream. I was a few minutes behind the others, and when I got down George had put on his waders and was just stepping into the water. I asked him what flies he had on, and he said he didn't know their names. My horror was intensified when I saw attached to a rope of gut a bluebottle, a thing like a hornet, and a sort of tortoiseshell butterfly. At the same time I excused him for not knowing their names, for they were unnameable. He said he had bought them in Manchester. I told him he might as well fish with a couple of kittens and a retriever puppy; but he laughed scornfully. Next moment the tortoiseshell butterfly whisked by my nose, and it, the bluebottle, and the hornet fell sonorously on to the water. I shrugged my shoulders and took off my boots, in order to get into my waders. Then I heard George calling to me.

"I've caught something," he said. "What am I to do?"

"It's a snag," I called out; "if your flies won't come loose, you must wade out and disentangle it."

I heard him splashing about in the stream, and thanked my stars I was going to fish above him, and, having got my waders on, I went into the water to cross over to the other side. George was just poking about with a landing-net a few yards below me, and I waited.

Something splashed on the top of the water, and George swooped at it as if he were catching butterflies. I stumbled down to him, seized the landing-net from him, and landed his fish. It was one of the finest fish I had ever seen taken in the Euphrates, and its upper lip was firmly impaled on the tortoiseshell butterfly.

"How did this get here?" I asked George sternly.

"I don't know," said George. "It seems to have taken my fly."

"But it's impossible," I said. "No self-respecting fish would take that thing."

"I know nothing of its character, my dear fellow," said George, "but I fancy it will taste the same."

The idea of a fisherman thinking of the taste of his fish was bad enough, but my curiosity strove with my desire to begin fishing myself, and prevailed.

"I shall stop with you a bit," I said. "You'd have lost that fish landing him."

"Do you think so?" said George.

George cast again, and the hornet caught in an overhanging branch of alder. He wrenched it free—the gut would have held the sea-serpent—and the three nameless insects fell into the water in a lump, with a large piece of green leaf garnishing the tail of the hornet. I suggested to George that he should take it off, and George answered that it didn't matter. Three times more he hurled his flies at the unoffending water, like Zeus hurling a thunderbolt, and then another fish rose to him, but missed the flies. George chucked his menagerie at it and hooked it. It had taken the hornet.

I stood and watched George for an hour on that creamy June morning, when the water was in beautiful condition and the fish were on the feed, although I would not have waited one minute of it to look at the finest fly-fisher living. He rattled his flies on the water; he churned the still pool into foam; he knocked at it as if it was the closed door, and he the five foolish virgins; he struck it as with a rhinoceros-hide whip; he beat it; he flogged it; he banged it; he slapped it; he did everything but fish it. The unnameable insects flew this way and that through the astonished air; they stooped on to the water like cruel hawks, or lions springing at unsuspecting fawns; but what made it worse was that George caught fish. He caught many heavy fish.

For two days George continued to catch many heavy fish, and I was seriously thinking of writing to the *Field* about him, illustrating my article with photographs of the water as the flies struck the surface, and with full-sized tracings of the flies themselves. The first day he caught thirty-five fish, and the second day forty-one. Then the end came. No man can catch good baskets of fish without wishing to catch better, and George's evil genius prompted him to practise fishing with a somewhat lighter hand. After dinner that night we were smoking on the lawn, and George brought out his fishing-rod and asked us to show him how we cast without making such a splash. If he mastered the rudiments of fishing, it seemed to him, not unreasonably, that if to his unquestionable genius for catching fish there was added art, he would at once rise to a position which had never yet been attained. So, until it grew quite dark, George made the quiet air hideous with the bluebottle, the hornet, and the tortoiseshell butterfly.

Next morning he fished steadily from breakfast-time to lunch, and caught nothing. The fish were on the rise for a full hour and a half that morning, and Tom and I both caught a fair lot. At lunch George was morose, and inveighed against Art, saying that Nature was the only guide, and that he would go back to his state of innocence and ignorance. So all that balmy afternoon he fished as no man but he had ever fished before: his flies fell heavily in a lump, and cruelly and vindictively beat upon the stream, yet no fish rose. The secret was gone.

For two more days he persevered, and even now, though he fishes well, sometimes the sweet madness of the secret comes on him again, and he hurls large flies at the tender trout, but without result. The secret is irretrievably lost.

I do not attempt to explain George's secret. Whether the fish were all mad, or whether they were so much surprised that in mere absence of mind they rose at George's thunderous attack I do not know. I can only state that for those two days they rose at him like one man, when, to judge by all we know about the habits of fish, they ought to have hidden themselves under stones until the tempest was overpast. In any case their conduct for those two days only confirms my opinion of the Euphrates trout, that you can get quite exceptional fishing among them.

## TO A YOUTHFUL SINGER.

Sweet child, you strive to stamp in vain  
Your sad romance upon our heart,  
We cannot feel your mimic pain,  
Although you sing with graceful art.

The tale you tell of hopes deceived,  
Of love despised, and wished-for death,  
Is surely hard to be believed  
From lips that draw such easy breath!

Ah, dear! no one may voice aright  
The grief that has not felt the sting;  
And they whose thoughts are dark as night  
And who have suffered cannot sing.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—ERNST LAMBERT.  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

## ART NOTES.

The New English Art Club's seasonable exhibition is one of the most interesting which that club has ever gathered together. In the first place, for the second time, we are introduced to a show which is beautiful in its general effect, by reason of its intelligent hanging, and without any inquiry into the individual details. This is the first triumph of an exhibition, for, though all those details may, in effect, be bad or silly, it is something to attain distinction, even out of a multitude of mediocrities, by way of general aspect. And this distinction—although the details are by no means either bad or silly—the New English Art Club has undoubtedly attained.

To come, then, to these details, it is pleasant to begin one's chronicle with an emphatic commendation of Mr. Wilson Steer's picture, "The Japanese Gown," a canvas which is as far in advance of Mr. Steer's previous achievement and as excellent in itself as any admirer of the so-called Impressionary School could desire. It is the portrait, the charming portrait, of a maiden clothed in a Japanese frock, her back reflected in a mirror, her hair lit up beautifully by the light that shines upon her from a window not represented in the picture. The elegance of pose, the sweetness of colour, and the swift racy audacity of its general quality, make it a picture full of distinction and of truly artistic merits.

Mr. Arthur Tomson never fails in poetical effects, and we select his little pastoral scene as a very beautiful example of his quiet art. There is breadth in it and a great simplicity which are admirably successful in their way. Mr. Walter Sickert is true to his traditions, and in his music-hall subject, a business of posture and lime-light, he is once more extremely clever without being extremely attractive. His dashing point of view and his swift kind of technique surprises one as they have surprised us this many a year; but they do no more. Mr. Francis James's flowers are always delightful, and his harmony of colour in his iris and apple-blossom is even above his usual standard of achievement.



PORTRAIT OF MR. ALFRED CLIVE.—FRANK RICHARDS.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, W.

Mr. Furse hangs a portrait of Lord Monteagle, which is interesting and refined, but not so strong as much of Mr. Furse's past work. Nevertheless, it would be impossible to deny to it a certain tenseness, a clear-cut kind of quality which all its imitated manner cannot conceal.

Of other pictures hung in this interesting exhibition, the most important is, perhaps, M. Hellen's "La Fontaine de Latone, Versailles," which during the summer was hung at the Champ de Mars. In truth, it would be impossible to deny the extraordinary skill, and the often extraordinary beauty, of this work. Many painters have sought for beauty in

the interpretation of water, but very few have chosen to treat water quite like this in an artificial condition of quick and penetrable—if the intelligible word may be permitted—loveliness. And M. Hellen's triumphant success is, if not a proof of remarkable genius, at all events a sign of extraordinary talent.

Mr. Rothenstein, in his "Porphyria" and his "Coster Girls," appeals rather unsuccessfully to one's delight in *bizarre*. It is a pity, indeed, that he should be thus unsuccessful, since to succeed in the *bizarre* is



Photo by Gray and Davies, Bayswater.

PROFESSOR GARNER.—FRANK RICHARDS.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

one of the most delightful achievements in the world, where failure is nearly unpardonable. "Porphyria" does not attract; her colour is atrocious; her face and flesh are streaky; and her sole distinction lies in the fact that somehow she does manage to be a little dramatic. His "Coster Girls" have not even this merit, and it is, indeed, a relief to pass from them to Mr. Conder's "Marine," which is the triumphant expression of a liberal education in art. It is equipped with something that is very like a classic restraint.

Messrs. Marion and Co. have just published the sixth set of "Downey's Art Studies," a set of six prints dealing with the Eternal Feminine from various points of view. One, "Inspiration," is of an exalted and beautiful figure clasping poppies to her breast, with a halo surrounding her upturned head. "The Pet Dove" is scarcely so successful; whoever the lady may be she does not fill one with a sense of appropriateness in the composition; she looms too bulkily. "After the Matinée" is, however, nearly altogether charming, both in the central figure and in the arrangement of the accessories. "The New Woman" is the most eccentric production of the series, the portrait of a rather gaunt lady haloed with spikes of light. Whatever lack of beauty, however, the human interest of these may have, there can be no doubt whatever about the beauty of the process which has produced it. The light is treated admirably, and the softened tones of the black are full of tenderness and charm.

The one-man shows are coming thick and fast to prelude the opening of the art season. Mr. C. P. Sainton's silverpoint drawings have attracted great attention, and even, perhaps, a little more than they deserve. They are very pretty, delicate, and—shall we call it?—self-supporting; but they are not of any very permanent value as works of art. Mr. Barratt's and Mr. Frank Richards's exhibitions also appear at the same time, to show what hard-working individual artists can do. One singular advantage is to be derived from the exhibitions which are altogether the separate work of one man. He is able to do that which we have praised the New English Art Club for accomplishing—he can make the show homogeneous, at all events; he can see to it that picture does not destroy picture, and that he himself gets perfect justice. Therefore, one rejoices in the one-man shows with which the season of busy art begins, for they make us forget that which is inevitably destined to be, when that season is in full swing, our principal grievance.



SOME WORKS OF WATANABE SEITEI.

*Exhibited in Mr. T. J. Larkin's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.*









MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "THE QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS."

*"'Tis true I am a Caprimonte,  
A noble lady of descent."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED EILIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XXXI.—MR. W. M. THOMPSON AND "REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER."

When I came to Goldsmith Building to see the editor of *Reynolds's Newspaper* I found, to my unlimited surprise, that I had known Mr. Thompson for years as a busy, successful barrister, without suspecting that he was even connected with the frankly Republican paper, though I knew that he worked for the Press, and had written *inter alia* for *Pick-Me-Up* and numerous other journals in England and Ireland. After shaking hands, I remarked indiscreetly, "You seem a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"In which form am I of your profession?" he replied, so I shifted ground and asked him to speak about the paper.

"*Reynolds's*," he said, "was founded about forty-five years ago by G. W. M. Reynolds, son of Admiral Reynolds, and author of a whole series of highly sensational novels, including 'Leila,' 'Agnes,' &c., works which brought in a fortune, if hardly fame, and still have a great sale, particularly in the Colonies and America. He carried on the paper till his death, when his brother Edward took it up. Edward was a remarkable man, with immense energy and courage. It required such qualities, for forty-five years ago real daring was needed to bring out a frankly Democratic paper. The Press, you know, was entirely on the side of the capitalists, and most people were horribly shocked by the bold, plain speaking of our paper. You must remember those were days when trades unions were illegal, and only a small part of the population was enfranchised. However, the shock given to the easy-going *bourgeois* gave the paper a reputation which it has never lost. Mrs. Grundy tried to make us out 'horrid,' but our columns are cleaner than most of the journals patronised by that Pharisaical dame."

"Does it circulate outside England?" I asked.

"Indeed it does," he answered; "far and wide. Why, daily I receive letters of congratulation, suggestions, thanks, and criticism from all parts of the world, even from places that the maps and gazetteers ignore. Here is a curious piece of evidence. Mr. Edward Reynolds died about eight months ago; he was eighty years old, but an active editor almost till the last. Well, on his death appeared this column biography in the *Secolo* of Milan, accompanied by a photograph. How many London editors would have such an honour?"

I offered no opinion.

"Your readers?"

"All classes. The late Archbishop of York, addressing a meeting of the Church, said he was a subscriber to *Reynolds's*. Among the miners we are known as 'Nobby *Reynolds's*,' or 'Dear old *Reynolds's*.' Tommy Atkins and workhouse paupers do us the honour of a diligent perusal of our columns. Our weekly poetical contributions would fill a sack."

"You see, ours has been the only avowedly Republican paper—the only journal that demands 'Government of the People by the People, for the People.' We are candid enough to aggrieve greatly our political opponents. Of course, some people suggest that our attitude towards royalty is unbecoming, but we object to the *institution*, and it becomes our duty to criticise. Yes; to criticise in the concrete as well as abstract, so that each week we point out what we deem the shortcomings or misdeeds of the members of the Royal Family. They fill an anomalous position, and are its victims."

"Do they take any notice of your attacks?" I inquired.

"Well, I can say that *Reynolds's* is one of the papers taken in at Court, and is carefully scanned."

"Perhaps they scan it in order to find materials for a prosecution."

"Well, they paid us a curious compliment a little time ago. You remember the wide-spread rumours that the Duke of York had married the daughter of an English Admiral at Malta? It was to our correspondents that Sir Francis Knollys wrote a letter contradicting the

rumour. We published his letter, but the other papers did not take any notice of it till a week later, when Sir Francis requested them to publish a repudiation of the rumour. Then they crawled in, a week after us, and, of course, without acknowledgment."

"How do you stand in relation to the *Star* or the *Sun*?"

"Well, as I say, we write for the working man, and publish nothing that we think pitched in a key too high for the average. We are for facts and sentiments appropriate to our aims, and do not appeal to all classes. How many editions have we? Four. On Thursday there is an edition for abroad, no copies of which are sold in England; on Friday, an edition for the remote counties; on Saturday, for the nearer counties, and on Sunday for London and thirty-three miles round. The two last are sold in London. The Sunday edition not only has the latest news in it, but much of the general matter is changed, so that it contains between twelve and thirteen columns of new matter. We get it out just in time for the Sunday morning trains. By-the-bye, Sir Charles Dilke once said that he had received his political education from *Reynolds's*."

"I suppose you pride yourself on your influence on public opinion?"

"It is incalculable. *Reynolds's* is in the van of sane progress. What it says to-day becomes law in the near future. Without boasting, our influence is much greater than an official journal like the *Daily News*."

"Will you tell me something about the staff?"

"Well, Mr. Tosland is our dramatic critic; Mr. W. Clark, M.A., of the *Daily Chronicle*, does several of our leaders; I do the first page leader myself. The column called 'From Over the Border' is by Mrs. Hunter, formerly Miss Niven, while 'Monica' is Miss Dart. 'Northumbrian' and 'Gracchus'—these world-known names are shrouded in anonymity. The column called 'The Democratic World,' and signed 'Dodo,' is by—no, not Mr. Benson—me: it consists, as you know, of criticism on things in general. How long? I've been writing for the paper for twelve years. My age? Thirty-eight."

Mr. Thompson told me that he was born in Ireland, and began journalistic work when at school in his native land, becoming editor at a tender age of the *Londonderry Chronicle*. Since then not a day has passed on which he has not worked for the Press. I imagine, however, that his wedding day was a *dies non*. He has been married for six years, and has one child. Among the papers for which he has written is the *Standard*, the special correspondent of which he was at the O'Connell Centenary, celebrated in Dublin. In 1880, on behalf of that paper, he travelled

through Ireland, writing a series of letters on the Land Question.

Mr. Thompson was associated with the weekly journal, founded by Mr. Samuel Bennett and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, called the *Radical*. He has played a very active part in promoting extreme Radicalism. He is a kind of attorney-general for the working classes."

"How do you find time to do it all, and keep up journalism and Bar work?" I asked. "Do you ever take amusement?"

"Life is sufficient amusement for me," he answered; "besides, I sometimes get a holiday. I'm not afraid of work—perhaps I love it. Why, when I defended Burns, Hyndman, Champion, and Williams for seditious conspiracy over the West-End riots, although I was alone against Russell, Wright—now judges—Poland, and Charles Mathews, during the five long days' fight, I did five or six hours of writing each day, and did not get more than two hours sleep a night."

"And you got your men off into the bargain! I remember, too, you appeared for a number of the men charged in connection with riots over the right of meeting in Trafalgar Square, for the slayers of Dr. Kirwin, the pirates of the Wandle, the Peckham Nun, and for François on the application for his extradition."

In addition to all these labours, Mr. Thompson has found time to stand as the Radical Parliamentary candidate for Deptford and London County Council candidate for the Strand Division, to write a volume called "Stories for the People," another called "Leaders of the Democracy," and works with such significant titles as "Law for the People," "The Rise of the English Democracy," "Socialism, Past, Present, and Future."

MONOCLE.



MR. W. M. THOMPSON.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"What's poetry, Bill?"

"Why, poetry's rhyme, o' course. If I were to say, 'I, Bill Lister, kissed your sister,' *that* 'ud be poetry."

"Oh, I see. I, Jack Brown, kissed your missus."

"No, that doesn't rhyme. That isn't poetry."

"No, but it's true, old man."



LADY GUSHINGTON : " My brougham is at the door, Captain, can I drive you anywhere ? "

THE CAPTAIN : " Oh ! no, no, thank you immensely ! Truth is, I'm going the other way. "





ROUGH ON THE PUP.

HE (to himself): "I must take steps to get an introduction."

*[Next step did it, but it was beastly rough on the pup.]*



THE LADY : " Come along, ducky. He ain't no gent, that he ain't."

THE DUCKY : "'Is blessin', an' not a bloomin' copper!" (Indignantly) "May the blessin' ov God follow you, an'—niver overtake ye!"



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



THE RAILWAY INVASION OF THE ARTISTS' QUARTER, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.



THE HIGHER END OF GROVE END ROAD.



LOUDOUN ROAD AND MARLBOROUGH ROAD, AT A POINT WHERE THE LINE CROSSES.

## THE GIBBON COMMEMORATION.

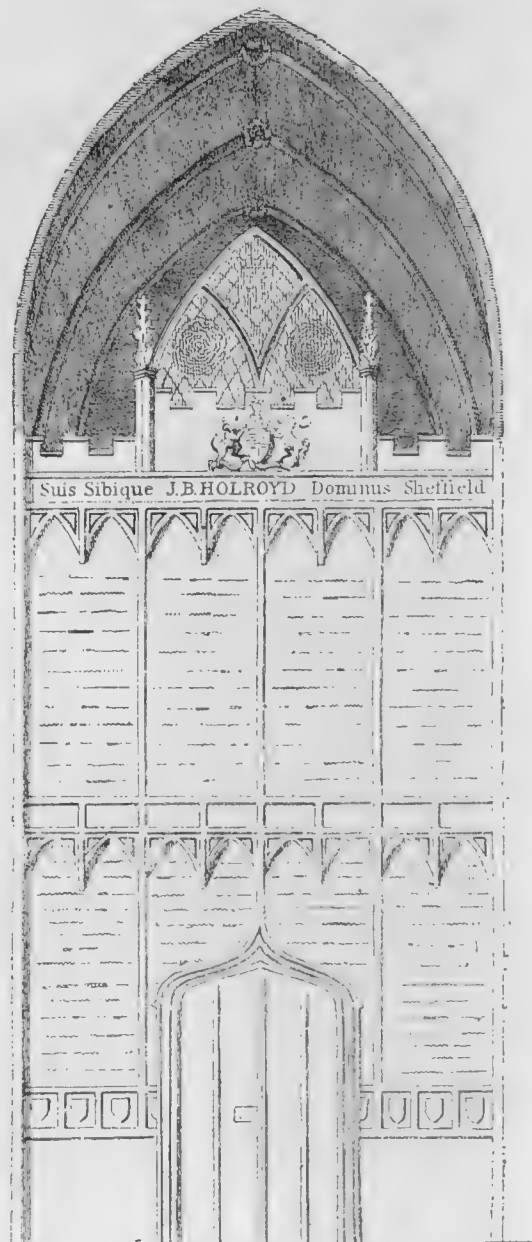
The last hundred years have been peculiarly a period of serious historical research. We have, it is true, had our merely pictorial writers, whose histories have been undertaken under conditions which have brought a smile to the face of the more arduous student, but on the whole not more than one or two men have made their mark as writers of histories without the primary characteristics of sound learning and boundless energy. The eighteenth century had no such laborious students in this direction as our own can boast. We know the curious methods pursued by Hume—his carelessness and his indifference—and Robertson can scarcely claim higher commendation. History as a rule was treated as a cynic of our own age has suggested that it should be treated, as a fable agreed upon, and a writer like Goldsmith practically supplied all that was wanted in his own time, so far, at least, as English History was concerned. Contrast that period with the age which has produced Bishop Stubbs's "Constitutional History," Professor Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," Macaulay's "History of England," Carlyle's "Letters of Oliver Cromwell," and a hundred kindred books. But the study of English History has not been the most remarkable aspect of this kind of learning. The study of ancient history has had a still more inexhaustible attention. The names of Mommsen and George Grote are but two out of a large army of workers in that marvellous field. But, when all this is said and admitted, the great historic bridge from the Old World to the New—as it has been often called—was furnished for us by the eighteenth century. It is "Gibbon's Decline and Fall" of which every student thinks when he wants to picture in his mind the ideal to which every historian should attempt to attain, and the enthusiasm for Gibbon grows more keen when one recalls that our own century of boundless research has practically pricked no holes in the armour of Gibbon's marvellous classic. Priests and fanatics of these later days have tried their utmost, and clergymen have even edited and re-edited Gibbon's monumental book, have inserted crude and tolerably superfluous commentary, and have yet left all his main positions unassailed and unassailable.

And yet, when all this is said, it does not prove that Gibbon is a widely-read author; he may be widely disseminated in translations throughout Germany, but in this country his readers are probably numbered by hundreds rather than by thousands, and it is questionable whether one out of fifty who has read his great book would remember that he was buried in Fletching Church, in Sussex, or that he died in St. James's Street, in London. Visitors to the Lake of Geneva—who, on the other hand, may be numbered by thousands, are reminded at Lausanne that he at one time lived in that lovely country, but further than this, possibly, the average knowledge has not extended. The commemoration which has just taken place, and which has been largely due to the activity of Mr. Frederic Harrison, will, at least, have that one good result of calling attention, not only to Gibbon's great History, but also to the general facts of his life and to that wonderful autobiography which more than one good judge has declared to be the finest autobiography in the English language. "In the fifty-second year of my age," says Gibbon, "after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transaction of a private and literary life," and the result is one of the most entertaining records of

intellectual development that is known to us. In this connection Mr. Frederic Harrison had much that was interesting to say in his address to the Royal Historical Society on behalf of the Gibbon Commemoration. He told how the Gibbon Autobiography was really pieced together by his friend, the Earl of Sheffield, and possibly others, from separate records which Gibbon had made of his past life. He made us tremble for a moment in fear lest another famous phrase was to pass into the limbo of historic myth. We have all often recalled that Rousseau-like expression which Gibbon used when compelled by his parents to abandon his pretensions to the hand of Mdlle. Curchod: "After a fearful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." This passage, it would seem, was not in the original narrative as Gibbon wrote it; his actual attitude, as expressed towards Madame Curchod in the manuscript was far less pathetic. The editor's, after Gibbon's death, interpolated this passage, it would seem, from a quite other source, and from a quite different context; it is satisfactory, however, to know that the words were used by Gibbon somewhere among the writings which he left behind him.

Mr. Harrison's address was principally occupied with an appeal to Magdalen College to erect some memorial to Gibbon, who, by-the-way, scoffs in his autobiography pretty vigorously at the University of his early years. Mr. Harrison's only other point was some measure of desire that the Gibbon miscellanies which now lie uncollected at Sheffield Park should be brought together to make a sixth volume of Gibbon's writings. When, however, it is remembered that the five volumes of the "Gibbon Letters" which were published in 1814 have never yet reached a second edition, it does not, on the face of it, look a very encouraging enterprise for an enterprising publisher. Possibly, however, the commemoration which we have been celebrating during the last few days, with the delightfully interesting collection of relics on view at the British Museum, may help to give a further impetus to the study of our greatest historian.

Side by side with the popularity of picture galleries has come the popularity of portraits. Now, without moving a step outside the house, one can see many interesting and beautiful faces of notable men and women. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has just issued the first part of his "Photographic Portfolio of Footlight Favourites," which is a nicely-printed sixpennyworth.



THE TOMB OF THE SHEFFIELD FAMILY, WHERE EDWARD GIBBON IS INTERRED.



FLETCHING CHURCH, SUSSEX, WHERE EDWARD GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN, IS BURIED.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

All the other novels and story-books of these weeks must give way before the sheer strength of Mr. Frank Harris's "Elder Conklin" (Heinemann). We are often tempted to call the little that pleases us in the heap of mediocre stuff sent out from the press "remarkable" and "striking," and afterwards we regret having cheapened these words when we want to use them for something of exceptional value. There can be no after regret in calling Mr. Harris's stories remarkable. Perhaps someone else might have told the same more brilliantly, more deftly. I do not feel inclined, just after reading them, to speak of anything but their truth to human nature—and not only American, but universal human nature—their vigour, and their fearless sincerity. "Elder Conklin" and "A Modern Idyll" are, I think, the best, but "The Sheriff and his Partner" and "Eatin' Crow" are worthy of being in their company.

Mr. Harris looks very closely at human nature, and does not flatter it very much. But his close scrutiny has revealed many charming and kindly traits in it, and there is a vein of idealism running all through his own part in the stories, sweetening them and softening the harshness of their outward features. There is good workmanship in Mr. Harris's volume, shown not merely in the vigorous story-telling. The inner idea in the tales is carefully wrought, and it will find a response among all readers who love sincerity.

Mr. Wedmore's "English Episodes" (Elkin Mathews) are of a very different stamp. Readers of *The Sketch* already know "Justice Wilkinshaw's Attentions," "The Fitting Obsequies," and "Katherine in the Temple." There are two others in the volume, of which the more notable, and most representative of Mr. Wedmore, is "The Vicar of Pimlico." I think, on the whole, his "Renunciations" were better, but one cannot but feel much respect for Mr. Wedmore's plan and intentions, as well as interest in his types of character. His observation is very close, his sympathies very catholic, and he is quick to see the idyllic or the romantic, or at least the interesting, in the most everyday kind of life. Then his polished workmanship shows a conscientious artist. Yet, for all their light-hearted arrangement on the surface, I fancy they take themselves just a trifle too seriously. M. Coppée, in France, does the same kind of thing charmingly, but in his stories there is more kernel.

The Christmas books are nearly all already in the market. The average of illustrated works is this year artistically very high. Mr. Pennell's "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (Macmillan) is easily first of those I have yet seen, the examples of black-and-white work, apart from their general interest and their value to students, being admirably reproduced, and the paper and type, judged from the point of view of their purpose, as near perfection as it is as yet possible for them to reach. The Albert Moore book to be issued by Messrs. Bell promises to be of exceptional interest and beauty. Many will rejoice that a fitting tribute is being paid to a great artist who had not too much honour done him in his lifetime. Among the smaller books of interest, both for text and illustrations, one of the most successful I have seen is an edition of "Æsop." Mr. Joseph Jacob, the indefatigable, has selected the fables and traced their history, but the most attractive feature of the book, as a gift-book, is the illustrations by Mr. Richard Heighway. They are of the decorative order, but of no particular school of that order. Their directness and simplicity would appeal to a child, and there is no archaic "quaintness" about them to repel a child.

A good deal of interest is being felt concerning Miss Betham-Edwards's "Romance of Dijon," which Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish at the end of the month. Miss Betham-Edwards knows France as perhaps no other living English man or woman knows it, but she can tell a story, too, and her knowledge is sure to be well absorbed, and only made visible in the sympathy and intimacy with which she treats of the particular phase of French life and character she has selected, a phase, by-the-bye, in which she has been forestalled by no one else, French or English.

M. Maeterlinck and the mystics in general owe a debt of gratitude to the English translator, Miss Jane T. Stoddart, of the Flemish poet's essay on Ruysbroeck—"Ruysbroeck and the Mystics" (Hodder and Stoughton). Ruysbroeck with Maeterlinck as commentator is a hard nut to crack, and many translators would have given up the task as impossible. But Miss Stoddart has dived into the meaning, and given it in a literary English far above the standard of ordinary translators. The book will fascinate those to whom devotional mysticism appeals, and all who are interested either in the revival of mysticism to-day, or in M. Maeterlinck, its prophet.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood's very excellent and comprehensive book on "Public Libraries" (Cassell and Co.) has reached a fourth edition. At a time when a social revolution is about to take place in the shape of Parish Councils, this book should be still more widely recommended. It is brightly written, and capably arranged, giving many reasons why every town should have a public library, a question on which the author speaks with the experience acquired by long years of study of this question.

O. O.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A philosopher a considerable time ago caused a sensation by maintaining that private vices may be public benefits. It needs no philosopher to grasp the fact that private virtues may become public nuisances. No sooner are we delivered from the double chorus of Puritan and anti-Puritan hypocrisy than we are confronted with a new and terrible danger. Having defeated the Philistine hosts with the aid of that rather singular David, Mr. John Burns (who is certainly good at slinging mud), Mrs. Chant is now delivering speeches which, so far as one can judge from the sympathetic reports of a friendly paper, are chiefly filled with particulars of her own private virtues. Societies for the Suppression of Vice are very well in their way, but we want, far more, a Society for the Abatement of Mrs. Chant.

There are few things more remarkable than the calm way in which that excellent lady has taken to herself the entire credit of the movement with which she has been associated, and relegated her assistants, including Providence, but not including Mr. Burns, to the backseat of back seats. Even in the unimpassioned language of an affidavit the ruling passion of vanity flares out. "I and my witnesses," quoth Mrs. Chant. *Ego et Deus meus* is the motto of her movement. Another symptom of a vanity now approaching megalomania is seen in the recital of the persecutions and temptations to which the gifted lady has been subjected. She has been threatened with bombs, vitriol, shooting, stabbing, &c.—possibly by some anonymous letter from an idiotic practical joker—and she is reported to have lately revealed that she was offered £5000 to discontinue her agitation against the Empire promenade.

Now this statement is serious. There is only one body of men that *could* have offered a bribe to Mrs. Chant, because there is only one body whose pecuniary interests she threatened, and these men are, of course, the Empire directors and shareholders. Therefore, if Mrs. Chant was offered £5000, it must have been by the Empire directors. It is hardly necessary to state that the alterations in the promenade, though they may diminish the Empire dividend, will scarcely make a difference of £5000 in one year. Furthermore, this offer, if made at all, must have been made at the commencement of the struggle, before the hearing of the Empire appeal.

What probably happened was that in some roundabout manner Mrs. Chant was indirectly given to understand by some more or less irresponsible person that if she desisted from her opposition it might be made worth her while. The rest of the story is, in all probability, due to the fertile imagination which has already enabled her to see incitations to evil thoughts in the traditional dresses and traditional gambols of the inevitable *prima ballerina*—antics which are simply retained in obedience to tradition, and which nine-tenths of the audience at the Empire, including all the dissipated section, would thankfully see abolished. Possibly in another week we shall hear that Mrs. Chant has thrilled the Puritans of Little Pedlington by the boast that she refused a bribe of £50,000!

What an instructive lesson for Englishmen is the sudden, complete, and pitiable collapse of China! The Japanese have no doubt been skilful, prompt, and well-prepared; but on land, at least, they have had the easiest of easy tasks, so far as fighting goes, and there is apparently nothing to prevent them from walking into Peking except distance and climate. Of course, England would not, even if defeated at the start of a war, lie down to be kicked in this manner, but we can learn this lesson, that the most enormous resources are valueless unless they can be brought in proper time to the proper place. And all our wealth of coal and iron, of machinery, and money, and men, will be merely items in a war indemnity, unless it can be combined with an irresistible fleet. Untrained men, unarmoured ships, untried weapons, would constitute a force which, if not as helpless as the Chinese now, would have no better luck than the raw armies of the French Republic in 1870-1.

It was useful for Lord Rosebery to mention the names of Agincourt and Inkermann at the time when he congratulated us on the excellence of our relations with France and Russia. The French and Russian papers did not quite see the point of his observations, but the meaning of them is obvious. So long as we remember Agincourt and Inkermann, and so long as our present friends also remember those battles, our relations with them are likely to be excellent; for those two names remind the allies of Cronstadt that Englishmen have at times made a decent fight even against heavy odds.

Still, there is no reason why they should *have* to fight against heavy odds.

MARMITON.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The Socker game has in late years made gigantic strides into popular favour in Cape Colony, and in the border or eastern districts is exceedingly well played. King Williamstown has two excellent teams, the Pioneers and Thistles; East London two, the Queen's Park and Rangers, and Queenstown one, the Hornets. These clubs form a kind of First League, and play home-and-home matches for the possession of two handsome cups, the "Charity" and the "Frontier Association" in separate competitions. There are numerous junior organisations, the youth of "King" and the "Fighting Port" particularly taking strongly to the game. The Queen's Park team this year hold both cups, and should be very nearly equal to Second League form. The places of the men in the field are: Carruthers (goal), Lundie and Alexander (backs),

concerned; while, on the other hand, were they to swear allegiance to the Union, they would be at the mercy of every passing wind of rumour that blows. All that is necessary is for someone to bring a charge against a club, when the Union would immediately call upon the club to prove its innocence. I have not the slightest doubt that the outcome of the whole matter will eventually be the formation of a new Rugby organisation outside the Union, which will either declare openly for professionalism, or, what will amount to the same thing, allow clubs to pay broken time money to their players. And, after all, what harm will there be in it? Southern clubs will still be amateurs as before, and Northern clubs, with a few exceptions, will still be professionals as before, the only difference being that the latter will be acting openly and honestly. Even now there is hardly any communication between Northern and Southern clubs, and

A. Reid  
(Granton).J. Murdoch  
(Nairn).W. Alexander  
(Greenock).W. Carruthers  
(Mid Annandale).R. Lundie  
(Arbroath).

Dunlop (Hon. Sec.).

E. Campbell  
(Hartford Heath).  
W. Davis (London).D. Rees (President).  
(Mayor of East London).J. Livingstone (Captain)  
(Pollokshaws).  
C. D. Wakefield (Burton-on-Trent).

D. D. Blythe (Vice President).

E. Cornell (East London).  
J. G. Doig (Kimberley).

Photo by Morley, East London.

THE EAST LONDON (SOUTH AFRICA) FOOTBALL TEAM.

Livingstone, Reid, and Murdoch (half-backs), Davis, Campbell, Wakefield, Doig, and Cornell (forwards). Mr. D. Rees, the Mayor of East London, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and, with Mr. Bryant of King Williamstown, donor of the Charity Cup.

The question of professionalism in Rugby football is the one topic at present agitating the Rugby world. Already three Lancashire clubs, Leigh, Salford, and Wigan, have been suspended for professionalism, and it seems only a question of time, and, say, tale-telling out of school, when nearly all the Lancashire clubs will be laid by the heels, if one can use a mixed metaphor. Even now, by the omission of these three clubs from the Lancashire Competition, the struggle is becoming a mere farce.

That a great many of the clubs in the North pay their players either in kind or in cash I do not doubt for a moment, nor does anyone who is not wilfully blind to facts as palpable as the absence of the noonday sun in November. The fact that professionalism exists is not even denied by those who ought to know best. Indeed, the attitude of most club officials is, "Are we professionals? Then prove it."

There appears to be little doubt that the principal Yorkshire and Lancashire clubs will refuse to sign the Rugby Union circular either in the affirmative or negative. Were they to sign it in the negative, they would be immediately cast into outer darkness, so far as the Union is

if the North v. South matches become a thing of the past, I don't know that anyone will greatly regret it. One thing, however, I do hope, and that is that when the professional does enter Rugby football that our international teams will be made up of the best men in the country, irrespective of the fact that he belongs either to the class that pays or the class that is paid.

Be it known to all men that Middlesex County have won a match in the Championship series. Never was an important match played on a more unsuitable day than when Middlesex and the Midland Counties met at Richmond. Nearly forty hours' continuous rain had turned the turf into a quagmire, and during the game hail, rain, and a hurricane of wind swept over the field. Was this the reason that Middlesex won, or was it because they were the better side?

If Lancashire had not got a couple of their best backs seriously damaged against Westmorland, it is quite possible that they would have gone up high in the County Championship, and even now that is possible. Excepting some of the western counties, such as Somerset or Devonshire, show altogether unexpected form, I suppose Lancashire will be the only county to give Yorkshire any trouble. Whatever may be said against the Yorkshireman from a financial point of view, there can be no doubt about his earnestness and zeal. I am inclined to think that to the Tyke

(Continued on page 201.)

**CHAMPAGNE,****LACOSTE & CO.,****52/-**per doz. net  
cash.**1884  
VINTAGE**

**LACOSTE & CO.** have determined to offer their **HIGH-CLASS BRAND** of Champagne direct to Consumers, thus saving agents' commission and merchants' profits, and are enabled thereby to supply their **1884 EXTRA DRY OLD LANDED.**

SAMPLE BOTTLES and CASES, 52/- per doz.

ORDINARY RETAIL PRICE, 84/-

**LACOSTE & CO., 72, MARK LANE, E.C.****"WILLS'S" NAVY CUT****"CAPSTAN" BRAND**

Can now be obtained in 2 oz.

Patent Air-Tight Tins,

In Three Grades of Strength, viz.:

**"MILD,"** Yellow Label,**"MEDIUM,"** Blue Label,**"FULL,"** Chocolate Label,

As well as 1 oz. Packets and 1 lb.

Patent Air-Tight Tins, by all  
Dealers in Tobacco.**W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Ltd., BRISTOL & LONDON.****"Lanoline"**

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.

Toilet "Lanoline".....6d. &amp; 1/.

"Lanoline" Soap.....6d. &amp; 1/.

"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.  
& Cold Cream."Once  
tried,  
always  
used!"

Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better  
for the complexion.]

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

**365  
SHAVES**

FOR

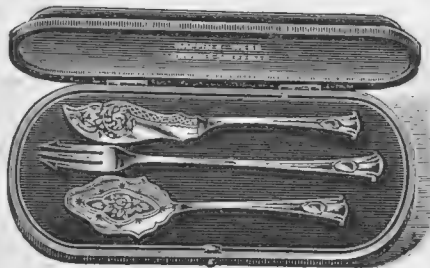
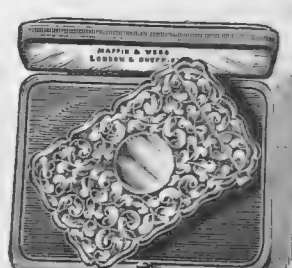
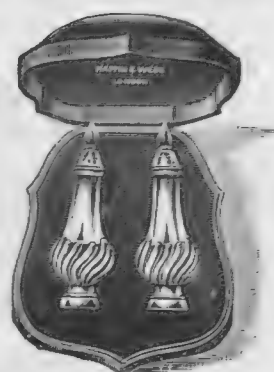
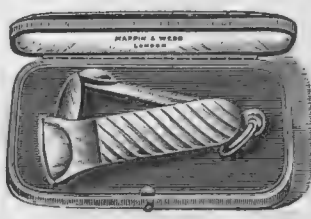
**6d.***A Stick of VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP is said to last a year.*

VINOLIA SHAVING STICKS: Premier, 6d.; Toilet, 1/-, 1/6, 2/6; Vestal, 2/-

VINOLIA SHAVING CAKES: Premier, 1/-; Toilet, 2/-; Vestal, 3/-

**Mappin & Webb's****PRESENTS IN STERLING SILVER AND  
PRINCE'S PLATE.**

(Regd. 71,552.)

Sterling Silver Salt Cellars and Spoons, in  
Morocco Case.  
Case of Four, £2 2 0 | Case of Six, £3 0 0Registered Design.  
Jam-Spoon, Pickle-Fork, and Butter-Knife, in case,  
Prince's Plate, 16s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.Gentleman's Sterling Silver Card-Case,  
richly Engraved, £1 11s. 6d.  
Ditto, Plain, £1 7s.  
Complete in Morocco Cases.Two Sterling Silver Muffineers,  
Fluted, in rich Morocco Case, lined  
Silk and Velvet, complete, £2 6s.Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and  
Muffineer, in best Morocco Case, £1 15s.Registered Design.  
Handsomely Fluted Sterling Silver  
"Princess" Sugar-Bowl, Cream-Jug, and  
Sugar-Tongs, in Morocco Case, £2 15s.Gold Cigar-Cutter, in Case, £1 5 0  
Silver " " " " 0 13 6Registered Design.  
Six Afternoon Teaspoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case,  
Prince's Plate, £1 8s. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.

**WRITE FOR THE SPECIAL  
LIST**  
(200 ILLUSTRATIONS),  
**POST FREE.**  
GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON  
APPROVAL.

**ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—****158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.; and 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.**

Manufacture: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

(facing the Mansion House).



**ELLIMANS UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1/1 1/2**



Prepared only by Elliman Sons & Co. Slough.

**For STIFFNESS ACHES SPRAINS BRUISES.**

SWAIN & CO.

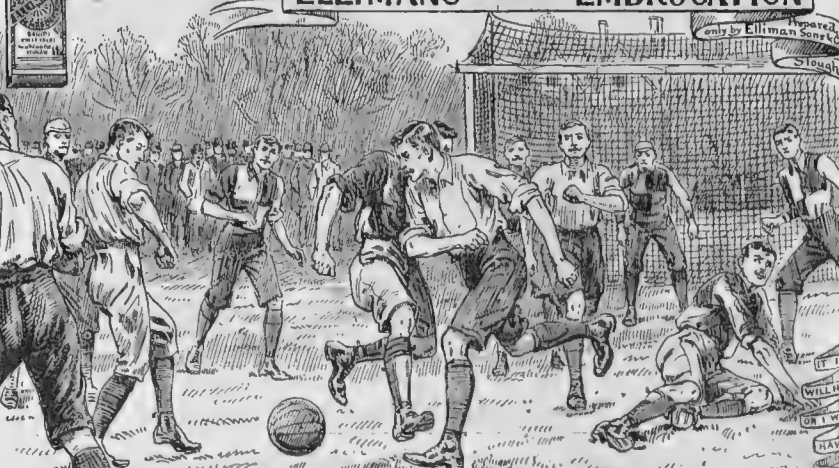
**FOOTBALL**

FOR FAR  
ATHLETIC  
FOOTBALL CLUB.  
"Given entire  
satisfaction to  
all who have  
used it."

**SPRAINS  
AND  
BRUISES.**

MR. JULIAN  
GIRARD,  
"The Girards,"  
Theatre Royal,  
Drury Lane,  
writes:  
"Dec. 21, 1893.  
"I have used  
your Embroca-  
tion with sur-  
prising effect,  
and never intend  
being without it,  
considering it in  
all my experi-  
ence to be  
unequalled for  
sprains, bruises,  
and the reaction  
which inevitably  
follows intense  
muscular exer-  
tion."

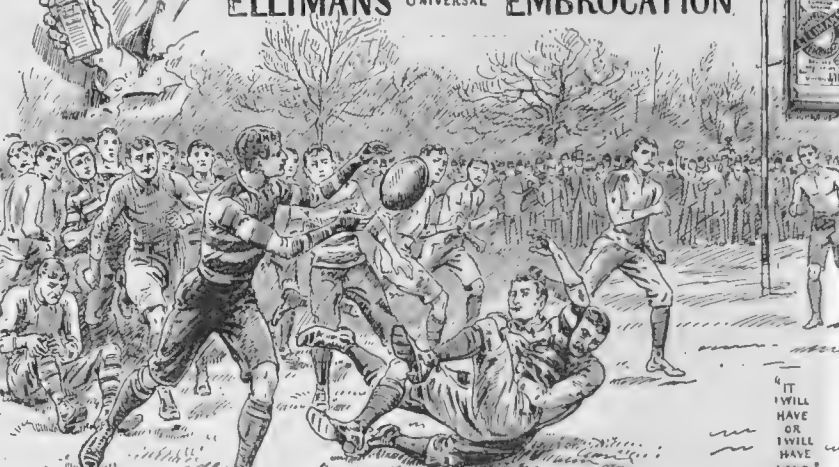
**ELLIMANS UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION**



For STIFFNESS ACHES SPRAINS BRUISES

S.T. DADD

**ELLIMANS UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION**



For STIFFNESS ACHES SPRAINS BRUISES.

SWAIN & CO.

**RHEUMATISM.**

From A. Barton, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.  
"I write to say that had it not been for  
Elliman's Embrocation I should have re-  
mained a cripple up to the present moment."

**CRAMP.**

Chas. S. Agar, Esq., Forres Estate,  
Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:-  
"The coolies suffer much from carrying  
heavy loads long distances, and they get  
cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed  
with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

**LUMBAGO.**

From a Justice of the Peace.  
"About a fortnight ago, a friend advised  
me to try your Embrocation, and its effect  
has been magical."

**SORE THROAT FROM COLD.**

From a Clergyman.  
"For many years I have used your  
Embrocation, and found it most efficacious  
in preventing and curing sore throat from  
cold."

**BRONCHITIS.**

From Mr. R. J. Callis, 5, Trelawn Terrace,  
Hendon.  
"My two children—two and four years old—  
were attacked last November with bronchitis—  
the doctor could give them little relief, and  
finally it appeared in an aggravated form.  
At last I thought I would try your Embroca-  
tion, and, I am pleased to tell you, with  
gratifying results. They are both well now,  
and I have no hesitation in saying, through-  
out using your splendid Embrocation."

# BENSON'S

"SPECIAL MAKE"  
**LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.**  
GUARANTEED FOR ACCURACY, DURABILITY, AND VALUE.

Obtained Gold Medals (Highest Awards)  
at all Exhibitions.

**£10** In 18-carat Gold Cases.

Is fitted with a Three-quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled in 13 actions, strong keyless action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to other Watches sold at the same price.

The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

**£5** In Silver Cases.

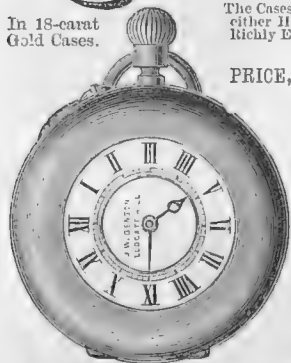
PRICE, £10; or in SILVER CASES, £5.

Ladies' GOLD CHAINS to  
match from £1 5s.

Sent Free and Safe, at our risk  
to any part of the World, on  
receipt of Draft, Cash, or  
Post Office Order, payable  
at G.P.O.

Selections sent to the  
country on approval on  
receipt of References.

Benson's ILLUSTRATED  
Book, containing Illustrations  
of Watches from  
£2 2s. to £500, Jewellery,  
Clocks, and Plate, sent  
Post Free on application to



**J. W. BENSON, 62 & 64, Ludgate Hill.**  
(STEAM FACTORY ADJOINING NORTON HOUSE, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD),  
And at 28 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; & 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## DIAMONDS VALUED OR PURCHASED

Also Valuable Pearls, Gold Jewellery,  
Antique and Presentation Silver.  
**SPINK & SON,**  
GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS,  
17 & 18, PICCADILLY, W. (Corner of Air Street), And  
at 1 & 2, GRACECHURCH ST. CORNHILL, E.C.,  
Respectfully announce that they have a Special Department  
for the Accurate Valuation or Purchase of the above.  
Established 1772. Appointments made if desired.



## FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH and BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from  
Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.

## ASPINAL'S NEIGELINE.

MAKES THE SKIN LIKE BEAUTIFUL VELVET.

INVALUABLE FOR ALL LADIES IN EVENING DRESS, MAKING ARMS, NECK, & HANDS WHITE, SMOOTH, SOFT & FIRM.  
Court Circular.

"NEIGELINE" is now used by ROYALTY.

MADAME PATTI writes:  
"I have used the Neigeline, it is MOST EXCELLENT."  
(Signed) "ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI."

ABSOLUTELY NON-POISONOUS.

Sold Everywhere, or post free, 2/3, 3/9, and 6/4 per Bottle, from  
**EDWARD ASPINALL,**  
Grasse Street Works, Rathbone Place, London, W.

## FOR THE SKIN



the game is of even more importance than the money. My admiration for the Yorkshireman as a sportsman is unbounded. When he makes up his mind to accomplish an object he will move heaven and earth to bring it about. He will not stay at home and say, "Oh, I can't get away to play week-day matches. It is no use turning out—we are sure to be beaten," or "The County Championship is all rot." These are the words of the weaklings, and the Yorkshireman, as I know him, is no weakling.

I am more than delighted at the success of the Oxford and Cambridge University Fifteens. Up to the time of writing neither side has been defeated. Cambridge have not had a point scored against them, and the Oxford line has only been crossed twice. It was most unfortunate that the Oxford and Newport match should have had to be postponed on account of the weather. This would have been a crucial test so far as Oxford is concerned, and at the risk of being called a false prophet, I should have been inclined to support Oxford. Perhaps another fixture will be arranged, if only to fulfil my prophecy.

Associationists ought to be satisfied this season. Was there ever such a race as we now see between Everton and Sunderland? For weeks it has been neck and neck, and if one yields a point at Blackburn, the other sheds one at Bolton, until the balance is restored. Next Saturday Everton will meet Blackburn Rovers, who, up to date, have been the only club to conquer them. This time, however, the match will be on the Everton ground, when the home club will have an opportunity of getting back those two lost points. They must not, however, make too sure of it. On the other hand, Sunderland appear to have an easy thing when they are at home to Liverpool.

All of a sudden Aston Villa have plucked up courage, and won a few victories which have flattered their supporters to the point of believing that the Villans may retain the Championship after all. They may. In football, as in cricket, all things are possible. Meanwhile some of the other strong aspirants, such as Sheffield United and Preston North End, have been going strongly down hill. I doubt whether Preston will beat the County at Derby next Saturday, although the County team is in a deplorable condition. Burnley and Notts Forest are showing a fair degree of strength, and West Bromwich Albion are wobbling in and out, but neither of these clubs appear to have the remotest chance of finishing at the top.

In the second division Bury appear to be carrying everything before them. The only check they have received was from Woolwich Arsenal, a club which alternately flatters and deceives its friends. It is quite possible that Notts County, the English cupholders, may yet overtake Bury; and another club worth keeping one's eye on is Grimsby Town. Between these three the championship appears to lie.

#### CRICKET.

Shocked, startled, pained, surprised, are a few of the adjectives that would describe the state of mind with which Britishers received the news of the defeat of Mr. Stoddart's team by South Australia. It was so unexpected. Just consider. On the first day England scored 340 for five wickets. This they increased to 477 for ten. South Australia responded with 383. Going in a second time, with an advantage of 93 runs, Stoddart's team, on a wicket almost perfect, were got rid of for 130. As a proof of the correctness of the wicket South Australia went in after them and knocked up 226 for four, thus winning by six wickets.

What is the explanation of the English collapse in the second innings? I cannot believe that it is due to what is commonly called funk. The team is composed of too many diverse elements for that. I have not the slightest doubt that the strain of a five days' match under a broiling sun, and before the men could become acclimatised, must have brought about either physical or nervous exhaustion. For three days Mr. Stoddart's team held the lead, and then they gave way in a manner that can only be accounted for in the way I have stated. I have not the slightest doubt that they will soon show what they are capable of, and prove themselves at least equal to any eleven Australia can produce.

OLYMPIAN.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Manchester Handicap will be a good race to wind up the season with. It is difficult to say what will start favourite for the race, and, indeed, it would be a surprise if the favourite were to win, as this race is surrounded with pitfalls. I am told that Ragimunde is a much-improved horse, and if he won in the colours of that good sportsman, the Duke of Hamilton, the victory would be highly popular.

The flat racing season will be brought to a successful conclusion on Saturday. Mr. McCalmont, as an owner, thinks that Isinglass comes out at the top of the list, and T. Loates and M. Cannon head the jockeys, although, as I have said before, J. Watts and Colling average well, and Bradford has ridden as many big winners as anyone. The season has been a most successful one, but form, especially in the ante-post betting races, has been fearfully upset, and I am inclined to think that we either have a lot of rogues in training, or many of our jockeys are incapable.

That fine old country gentleman, the Duke of Beaufort, has temporarily retired from the Turf, but I hope to see the blue, white hoops, red cap to the fore again next season, as his Grace can ill be spared from the sport of kings. The Duke of Beaufort has spent many hundreds of thousands in maintaining the Badminton Hunt, and now that we are in the midst of severe agricultural depression, it is not to be

wondered at that he finds it necessary to retrench. Twenty years back I often followed the Badminton Hounds. In that day the Duke, although sometimes a martyr to the gout, rode as straight as the crow flies, and one grey horse that I remember carried him particularly well. The Marquis of Worcester, who owned the horse, was, too, a splendid rider, and he had a real military seat in the saddle, despite the fact that he



Photo by Valery, Regent Street.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

stood over six feet two inches in his stockings. Once, in the neighbourhood of Calne, the Marquis was pounded at a wire fence, but one of the whips took his red coat off and put it on the wire, and the Marquis's horse then jumped the obstacle without again refusing. It must be admitted that the Duke of Beaufort at no time met with the luck he deserved on the Turf, although he always had a long string of good horses in training. True, he first and last won many of the principal races, but often when a nice little *coup* had been planned it was just upset by some horse a little bit better than the one hailing from Manton. The Duke has all his life been a straight rider to hounds, a perfect whip, a good shot, and a successful angler. He also originated the Badminton Library Series, which has done so much to instruct the world in the intricacies of many of our sports and pastimes.

C. Wood owns a large training establishment at Newmarket, and I presume he will start by training a few of his own horses. He will be able to ride these at exercise and in gallops, as Mr. Morbey does, but he is not likely to apply for his riding licence again, although I believe he could yet go to scale well under 8 st. 3 lb. Wood has hunted a great deal of late years; indeed, for some time he managed a pack of hounds in the vicinity of the South Downs, and showed grand sport. His two sons, as I have before stated, are qualifying for a Varsity examination, and they are likely to shine in a profession later on. C. Wood is reputed to be very rich. He has, I believe, a fine country house in Essex, and a town residence at Brighton, where he spends a deal of his time.

As we are fast approaching the cross-country season, I think a few words as to the build of fences would be appropriate. It is well known that Mr. Bevill, the able clerk of the course at Kempton, is inspector of steeplechase courses under the National Hunt Committee, and that he does his work well; but I have been told that some countries are more difficult to negotiate than others. For instance, few horses are taken to Sandown to qualify for Hunters' Flat Races. I think all steeplechase courses should be equally easy or difficult, as the case might be.

Many of the large pencilers have had a good year, but several small men are on the verge of bankruptcy. This, to a certain extent, is their own fault, as they often turn gamblers, and instead of trying to round their books they make them for one horse, which often loses.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## SOME NEW THEATRICAL GOWNS.

"The Masqueraders" are back again at the St. James's in full force, and in the place of the original Dulcie (who now reigns at the Haymarket) we have Miss Evelyn Millard, with her radiant young loveliness and two beautiful new gowns. The first—which is worn in Act II.—is absolutely different in style and colouring from the soft pink brocade in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell originally appeared, and is fashioned of pure white satin, brocaded with huge single poppies—simply the full-blown flowers, unrelieved by bud or leaf—the absolute simplicity of the slightly



MISS MILLARD IN ACT II. OF "THE MASQUERADERS."

trained skirt (which is arranged in perfectly hanging pleats at the back) showing to the full the rich beauty of the fabric. The bodice is softened in front with a slight puffing of chiffon, sprinkled over with minute silver sequins, and clusters of white ostrich tips nestle against Miss Millard's beautiful shoulders, and form the only relief to the great puffed sleeves of the brocade. Two large paste buttons flash and scintillate in the front of the corsage, down each side of which passes a band of satin ribbon, sewn so thickly with silver sequins that it is simply a glittering mass of light. These bands form two tiny bows at the waist, the long ends falling almost to the bottom of the skirt, which in its turn is edged with a narrow border of sequins. The silver-sewn satin ribbon is tied in a large bow round the right elbow, and from it depends an exquisite white ostrich feather fan, while in Miss Millard's dark hair there flashes a diamond tiara. And looking at her regal and, withal, most womanly beauty, one can realise the fascination which it would exercise alike over the dreamy astronomer and the *blasé* man of the world.

In the third and last act her dress is exactly like Mrs. Patrick Campbell's in colouring and style, but there are one or two slight alterations, the skirt, for instance, being of turquoise blue *moiré* antique instead of brocade. The bodice—which is practically the same—is veiled with the palest mauve chiffon, held in by bands of delicately-tinted passementerie, and finished with a deep collar of yellowish lace, and a fichu bow of chiffon. The sleeves are charming, the top puffs of the chiffon, and the deep cuffs of lace caught here and there with chiffon rosettes. It is a lovely gown, and it suits its equally lovely wearer to perfection.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh still remains faithful to her characteristic and eminently smart gowns—and, indeed, she could not have improved upon them—the first of broad black-and-white striped satin, with its skirt

draperies of gold sequined net and its touches of vivid scarlet ribbon, and the second of yellow brocade, adorned with lace and ruby-red velvet. Among the smartly-dressed crowd in Act II. I noticed two or three new gowns, notably one of black satin, silver sequins bordering the skirt and encircling the waist, and the bodice having the left side draped with white lace, which also forms the puffed sleeve, the right sleeve being composed of a cape-like arrangement of black satin, adorned with five rows of silver sequins. Another dress which stands out from all the others, beautiful as they are, is of garnet-coloured velvet, made with absolute and almost severe simplicity, the square-cut bodice being simply draped slightly across the front. Curiously enough, an exactly similar bodice was worn by one of the audience, I noticed, though the skirt in this instance was of white satin, and I could not help admitting that the simple beauty of these two gowns made more elaborate costumes pale into insignificance, and their owners appear somewhat over-dressed. But, then, the woman who dares to wear such a dress must be the possessor of a superb figure, and her beauty must needs be of the regal and Junoesque type. So, such fortunate beings being distinctly in the minority, the elaboration of the gowns of the majority continues to grow apace.

And now, from the St. James's I want you to step across—in imagination, at any rate—to the Haymarket, for, on paying another visit to that most fascinating "John-a-Dreams," I found that Miss Janette Steer was wearing a different dress in Act I.; and beautiful as the first one had been, this one was so much more beautiful that I was simply compelled to have it sketched for you. It has a full, perfectly plain skirt of rose-pink satin, the shade being deepest at the foot of the skirt, and melting off in the bodice to the very palest shell-pink—almost white, in fact. The skirt is entirely covered with shimmering jet and moonlight sequins, arranged after the manner of a serpent's scales, narrowing together in the middle, and widening out again at the waist and foot, the corsage and the puffed elbow sleeves, from which fall deep frills of lace, being treated in the same way. The bodice is cut open squarely at the neck, just sufficiently to show off a prettily-rounded neck to the best advantage; and the slightly overhanging front is held in at the waist by a band of pink satin ribbon, which is tied in a smart bow at the left side; then at back and front there is a zouave-like arrangement composed of velvet in an indescribably beautiful shade of bluish-green, which reproduces the effect of the moonlight sequins, the full folds being edged with a fringe of jet and iridescent beads, and caught on the shoulder by bows of the pink satin ribbon. A more effective and perfectly beautiful dinner-gown the heart of woman could not desire, and I commend it to the imitation which is undoubtedly the most sincere, though not always the most acceptable, form of flattery.

By-the-way, Mrs. Patrick Campbell's cinnamon-brown cloth cloak, with its beautiful lining of mauve velvet, has caused so much favourable comment, that everyone is wishing they could lay claim to the good idea, and the consequence will be that our end and aim will soon be to make our garments "all glorious within," while the exterior will be a matter of secondary consideration. Personally, I think the velvet lining is most fascinating, and there is this in its favour, that the more costly fabric is shielded from the changes and chances of this most treacherous weather, while ingenious minds are sure to enable us to wear our cloaks inside out when it may seem good



MISS JANETTE STEER IN ACT I. OF "JOHN-A-DREAMS."



# The Health of Babies

depends more upon nourishment than anything else. Babies and children often grow thin, weak and emaciated without any apparent cause, but the real difficulty is in their inability to assimilate what nourishment they take

## Scott's Emulsion

has done more to overcome these wasting tendencies in babies and growing children than any other form of nourishment. It is sweet to the taste, easy on the stomach, and is readily assimilated by the most delicate child. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of nourishment seems to benefit them.



Trade-Mark.

Buy only the genuine with our trade-mark on *salmon-colored wrapper*. The genuine Scott's Emulsion is not a secret compound. Physicians know and endorse the formula.

*We mail, FREE to any address, a book called "Points."*

SCOTT & BOWNE, (Ltd.), London.

All Chemists, 2/6 and 4/6.

## PETER ROBINSON,

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

*Every Requisite for*

### FASHIONABLE MOURNING.

MANTLES, GOWNS, & MILLINERY,

In all subdued Art Shades, equally adapted for wearing out of Mourning.

The Richest Silks and Fancy Materials. Newest Designs in Laces, Trimmings, &c.

THE FIRST TALENT IN DRESSMAKING.

LINGERIE, HOSIERY, GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, &c.

Patterns, Estimates, and Illustrations free.

PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 264, Regent St.

## SHOWERPROOF

A REVOLUTION IN THE VELVETEEN TRADE

Rainproof  
The  
**M.J.C.**  
MILLERAIN



Patent Finish  
REPELS DAMPNESS.  
SHOWERPROOF.  
POROUS.  
DURABLE.

COLORS are PERMANENT

## VELVETEEN.

MADE IN ALL ART SHADES AND COLOURS.

Guaranteed J. & J. M. Worrall's Best Dye and Finish.

EACH PIECE IS STAMPED EVERY HALF-YARD.  
To be had from all first-class Drapers.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

**SCRUBB'S** Cloudy Household **AMMONIA**  
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.  
Invigorating in Hot Climates.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths.  
Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., 32b Southwark Street, London, S.E.  
MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

USE

**"SEEGER'S"**  
HAIR DYE.  
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

IN  
THREE  
SHADES,  
BLACK,  
BROWN,  
AND  
BLONDE.



PRICE  
2s.  
per  
Case.

INSTANTANEOUS and HARMLESS.

One Preparation Only.

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS and DRUGGISTS.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Highly approved by THE LANCET and Medical Faculty.

ESSENCE OF BEEF JELLY,  
" " MUTTON "  
" " CHICKEN "

**HALFORD'S**

TRADE MARK



**INVALID**  
Of all Chemists, &c.  
**SPECIALITIES**

Wholesale Dépôt:

12, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.

**THE LATEST NOVELTY**  
LADIES, dispense with Petticoats  
by wearing our Seamless  
**KNITTED PANTALOONS.**  
ELASTIC, WARM, AND HEALTHY.



The most comfortable garment for Riding, Cycling, Hunting, Mountain Climbing, Touring, and other Pastimes, AS WELL AS FOR ORDINARY WEAR. Will wash without shrinking. Write to-day for Illustrated Price List, free. Mention SKETCH.—KNITTED CORSET CO., 118, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

ILLUSTRATED  
PRICE-LIST  
POST FREE.

GOLD MEDAL,  
PARIS,  
1889.

**THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY**  
"The Orient Pearls."  
GREAT SPÉCIALITÉ.



Illustrated Catalogue post free.

NECKLETS RANGING IN PRICE FROM 1 TO 50 GUINEAS.

85, NEW BOND ST., W. 248, REGENT ST., W.  
43, BURLINGTON ARCADE. And in PARIS.

**DAY & MARTIN**

Limited,

Sole Proprietors of the World-Famed

**LIQUID BLACKING.**

Black and White Cream for  
Patent Leather.

**RUSSET CREAM**

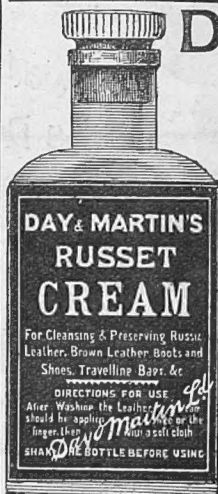
FOR

BROWN BOOTS, SADDLERY, &c.

**Specially Prepared Dubbin**

FOR SHOOTING AND FISHING BOOTS.

MANUFACTURERS TO THE QUEEN AND  
THE ARMY AND NAVY.



**SMART MILLINERY**

Always the Leading  
Fashions & Prettiest  
Novelties

**Yorke**  
in  
French  
and English  
Millinery.

Madame Yorke invites a visit to  
her new Show-rooms to view the  
charming Hats and Bonnets she  
has brought from Paris.

40 (late 51), CONDUIT ST.,  
BOND STREET, W.

Note change in address.

**ATKINSON'S  
WHITE ROSE.**

"A charming Scent."— "The sweetest  
H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

ATKINSON'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of  
the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

For the Teeth



**SOZODONT**

stands alone. It sweetens the  
breath, cleanses the teeth and  
the spaces between them as  
nothing else will do, and thus  
prevents decay and pain.

Children who are taught to  
use **SOZODONT** daily  
never have toothache.

Smokers who use  
**SOZODONT**  
avoid the evidences of smoking  
in breath and discoloured teeth.  
Ladies who use **SOZODONT**  
have teeth like pearls and lips  
like roses.

In toilet case, complete, 2s. 6d.

Ask for **SOZODONT**.



Ladies Travelling

Ladies Travelling

At Home

At Home

Save Washing

Save Washing

**HARTMANN'S  
TOWELETTES.**

In 6d. Packets, 3 doz. 1/-, 1/4, and 2/- per doz.

Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.

Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments,  
Drapers, also from the Army and Navy and Civil Service  
Stores, and Chemists. Packets of one dozen at 1/3, 1/7,  
and 2/3. Post Free. Samples Post Free on application.  
Mention "Sketch." Address: "The Managers," THE  
SANITARY WOOD WOOL CO., LTD., 26, Thavies Inn,  
Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

INSIST ON HAVING "HARTMANN'S."

**TO LADIES.**

All the most beautiful women  
use

**CRÈME SIMON**

Mme. ADELINA PATTI says: "Have  
found it very good indeed."

For all irritations of the skin it is un-  
equalled. CHAPS, REDNESS, ROUGH-  
NESS disappear as if by magic.

Paris: 13, Rue Grange Batelière, London:  
Mertens, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.  
Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, & Stores.





to us; indeed, some time since, I saw a cape of caracule and brocade which was capable of five different transformations by means of the turning-inside-out process. And even bonnets are now being made so that either side can be worn in front. Now, speaking of millinery reminds me that I have discovered an ideal hat for you which combines utility and durability with exceptional smartness and moderate price, so, as everyone is sure to be anxious to possess themselves of such a desirable article, allow me to introduce the accompanying sketch to you with due



THE "ALIX" HAT.

form and ceremony, and then by its help imagine a hat of dark tan felt cloth, the familiar and always becoming boat-shape being made to wear a somewhat different aspect by the Parisian ingenuity which has placed the rather high crown well towards the back. For trimming there is, at the left side, some wine-coloured velvet in a lovely shade of reddish-purple, arranged in loops and ears, the right side being adorned with a cluster of ragged chrysanthemums or prim dahlias, as individual taste may ordain, from the centre of which rises a shaded aigrette. Two or three flowers are dropped carelessly on to the brim in front, and a few more nestle against the hair at the side, and this truly pretty thing, which, in honour of our pretty Princess who is the heroine of the day, is called the "Alix," bears the modest price of twenty-five shillings! If I have done its charms justice, you should be eager to obtain it promptly, and I must

not fail to tell you that to do so you must write to or call on your old friend, Mrs. Farey, of 231, Regent Street—call if in any way possible, for there are several other things which I should like you to see, notably some of those most becoming Toreador hats, which should be indulged in quickly by those whom they suit, before they become impossible by reason of their adoption by the multitude, these, tastefully trimmed with velvet and pompons or quills, being only 17s. 9d. Then to golf-lovers, who are still desirous of looking smart and pretty, let me commend a delightful little Tam-o'-Shanter-like cap—the "Golf"—made in shot cloth, red and black looking particularly well, bound with a rouleau of red velvet, and finished at the left side with two black quills. When you can make yourself look as *chic* as the wearing of this cap undoubtedly does, for the small expenditure of 15s. 9d., who would not do so? I have strictly confined my attention to moderately-priced goods in view of the very general depression in dress allowances, caused by the costly nature of our winter garments; so to all those who, for the present, at any rate, desire to be economical, though their appearance must not suffer thereby, let me, in conclusion, tell the tale of a guinea hat, which, on a pretty shape of black felt, bears twists and ears of petunia velvet and bunches of dahlias for trimming, to say nothing of an osprey.

But as the smartest of hats and bonnets is of no avail unless the hair beneath it is well and becomingly dressed, the next subject for consideration becomes the means of so dressing the hair, and one of the very latest aids to Nature—which, in nine cases out of ten, fails to provide the naturally-curling locks which every woman desires—takes the form of the "Pex" improved patent hair-curlers. They are cheap, as four in a box are only sixpence, and ten one shilling; durable, because they are of metal; and comfortable, because, through a very ingenious arrangement, the part round which the hair is curled can be slipped in and out of the framework without the slightest straining or tearing of the hair.

So the "Pex" hair-curlers—which, by-the-way, are kept by all hairdressers and drapers—are likely to become popular.—FLORENCE.

## COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,  
40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Nov. 21, 1894.

Signature.....

## "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

Another "doggy" correspondent, who appreciates *The Sketch*, sends the accompanying portrait from the fair isle of Jersey. The dog, Jack, hardly rated the compliment of being photographed for *The Sketch* at the proper value, and his emotions had to be restrained by his owner

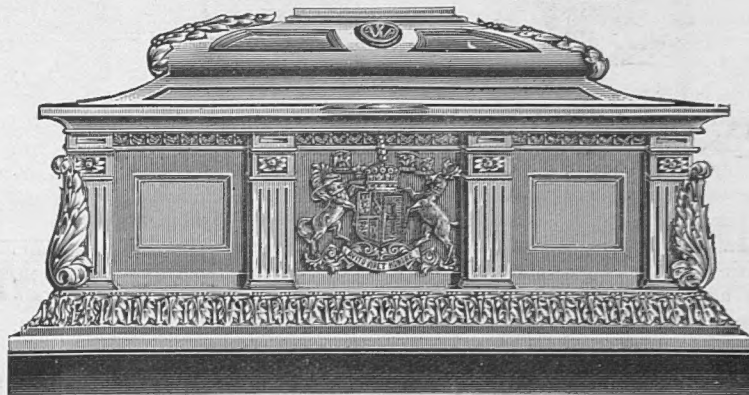


Photo by Tynan Bros., Bath Street, Jersey.

holding Jack's tail, which would persist in wagging at critical moments. However, at last the photographer secured this pretty picture, which does great credit to the little girl, the doggy, and himself.

## THE NEW RAILWAY TO LONDON.

The cutting of the first sod, by the Countess of Wharncliffe, of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway extension to London was an interesting occasion. Lady Wharncliffe was presented by the directors with the silver casket which is herewith illustrated. The design of the casket, which is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, is classical, with pilasters obverse and reverse, deeply recessed panels with ogee mouldings occupying the intervening spaces, while the Wharncliffe arms with crests and supporters and the motto "*Avito vires honore*" are emblazoned in high relief within the centre panel, the reverse



bearing the ribbon with legend and shield of the five cities and towns with national emblems intervening, forming the device of the railway company, also in relief. The mouldings are boldly brought out and supported by four modelled acanthus leaves, and the frieze decorated with festoons of laurels, the base being enriched with acanthus and dart ornamentations. Rising in rich curves, deeply panelled to a bold upper moulding, the cover displays an inscription recording the presentation, and medallions on either side bear the monograms of the railway company and its chairman in raised characters. Within will be deposited the map of the new line into the Metropolis. The whole is mounted upon an ebony plinth and enclosed in a handsome case of blue velvet.



## A GREAT FRENCH JOURNALIST.\*

M. FRANCIS MAGNARD, OF THE "FIGARO."

The *Figaro* building in the Rue Drouot is more like the mansion of an ambassador, or, at least, the building of a fashionable club, than a newspaper office. The front door is of carved oak, surmounted with statuary; the entrance hall and wide staircase are adorned with gigantic frescoes, and when you have been passed on from one set of magnificent porters downstairs to a no less gorgeous array of liveried janitors on the first floor you are ushered into a waiting-room which reminds you of a lady's boudoir. Sinking into a luxurious armchair of red velvet, you are left to admire the tapestry and the stained glass, or to gaze out upon a courtyard containing the portraits of various royal personages who have preceded you in visiting this building. Among them are a dusky Queen, an unmistakable likeness of the Prince of Wales, the Regent of Spain, a Russian Grand Duke, and half-a-dozen others. Inside, at the back of the courtyard, you can descry a semicircle of pigeon-holes, where subscriptions and advertisements are received, where the correspondence of advertisers is warehoused in a sort of private *poste-restante*, and where a variety of services undreamed of in our newspaper offices are undertaken in the interests of clients. Still, everything has an unofficial, not to say unbusiness-like, air; the counters and pigeon-holes are of the most carefully polished walnut-wood, and everything is obviously set out rather to please the eye with its elegance than to stand hard wear and tear after the usual unpretentious, serviceable fashion of a newspaper office.

A man in livery leads you up a small flight of stairs and conducts you to M. Magnard's study, a long, narrow room, with a large writing-table covered with all manner of documents in the middle. The editor is a well-built, well-preserved man, with grey moustache and grey, close-trimmed beard, probably somewhere on the wrong side of fifty. He is polite, but stiff, especially in his greeting. Gradually during the course of your interview the stiffness wears off, and, though still very terse and business-like in his conversation, he expands with greater cordiality. He is unmistakably a person who knows his own mind absolutely on every subject. He answers without a moment's hesitation, speaking very fluently, and with effective turns of expression.

I began by asking him to point out to me some of the differences between English and French journalism.

"The chief difference," he replied, "and the one which I regret most, is the difference in the matter

of advertisements. I am scarcely exaggerating when I say that for us French newspaper editors they practically do not exist as you understand them in England. I suppose the *Figaro* has more advertisements than any other French paper, certainly than any other French paper of its class, and you can see for yourself what a very poor show we make. When we compare the number of our advertisements with the closely-packed pages of the *Times*, say, or the *Daily Telegraph*, we are overwhelmed with envy. As it is, we are obliged to rely almost entirely upon our sales for existence, and you, as a journalist, must know what a handicap that is."

"How do you account for this state of things?"

M. Magnard mused for a quarter of a second. His other replies were so instantaneous that the faintest hesitation this time could not fail to be observed at once.

"Well," he said, "it is a matter to which, as you may well imagine, I have given much anxious thought. But the only explanation I can arrive at is that there is in the French character a certain vein of distrust of the methods and uses of advertisement."

"But surely one sees just as many posters on the walls and hoardings in France as in England?"

"That may be, but the fact remains that, with us, the kind of person who advertises is not the sober, substantial tradesman, who, with you,

would have no hesitation about pushing his wares in that way. Take a French jeweller, for instance; he would consider it a great come-down, and, in some sense, almost a dishonour, to puff his name and his goods on the walls or in the press. Then another reason which has occurred to me is that the French people read their newspapers a great deal more lightly than you do in England. Our readers are just content to skim the portions which appeal to their tastes or interests, and would not dream of reading through a column of advertisements, unless they happened to be in search of some particular object. They have not the patience and application which prompts your readers to read every word of every line—not excepting the advertisements—from cover to cover. Then, again, our advertisements are a great deal dearer than yours. We charge five or six francs a line in most cases, and only as little as three francs in the case of situations wanted and offered, and such like."

"And you have never thought of reducing the rate, and aiming at a great number of cheap advertisements?"

"Certainly, I have often thought of it. But it would be a rash experiment, in view of the attitude of the French people towards advertisements, and I am afraid we might only succeed in losing the little we have got already. For the present, at any rate, I prefer to direct my efforts to increasing the circulation of the paper."

"That brings me to another point. I am told that the arrangements for the distribution of newspapers in France is very inadequate, compared to our own?"

"Yes; I can certainly corroborate that. The railway companies and the Post Office are by no means obliging. For instance, we have never been able to secure that admirable institution, the newspaper train, which, I am told, is so vital a part of your system of distribution. A member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* told me that no less than 110,000 copies of that paper were dispatched every morning by the newspaper trains. We have not that advantage—we have to rely upon the ordinary trains, and make them fit in as conveniently as possible with our time of publication. All the same, I may say that the *Figaro* does not come off so very badly, for it can be bought almost anywhere in France on the day of publication. In connection with the matter of distribution, I may mention one peculiarity, which no other paper in France—nor, I believe, anywhere else—shares with the *Figaro*: we admit no returns! When once a copy of the *Figaro* has left this office it is not taken back under any consideration. The wholesale men come and fetch the papers in the morning and distribute them, and they have to make it their business to make as accurate an estimate as they can of the number of copies they are likely to sell. And they certainly do it very well, for you will observe, if you go to a bookstall in the

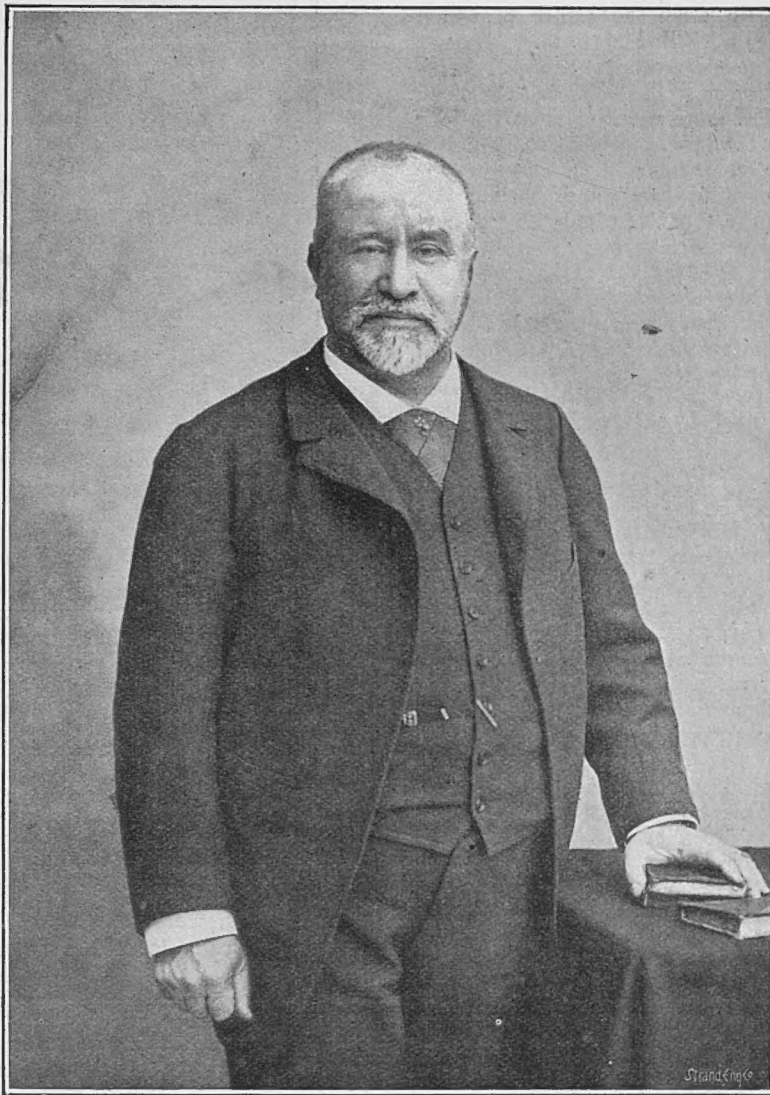
evening, that the pile of *Figaros* there is nearly always exhausted."

"Tell me something of the origin and history of the *Figaro*."

"Well, you must know that the present *Figaro* is quite a different concern, both in character and proprietorship, from the original *Figaro*, which was founded by Bohain in 1825. That paper came to an end in the reign of Louis Philippe. In 1854 it was resuscitated, or rather the present newspaper was founded by M. de Villemessant. It used then to be published only twice a week, but in 1865 it came out in its present shape as a daily. Since then we have added Saturday's literary supplement and Wednesday's double number, besides bringing out a monthly illustrated magazine. Our staff numbers from thirty-three to thirty-five members, of whom ten, at least, are always here. Among the principal members of the staff are M. Fernand de Rodays, the manager, M. Périvier, the sub-editor, and Mr. Gaston Calmette, who will show you over the building, if you care to call some night when the machines are at work. On Friday nights you would find the literary supplement being printed as early as 11 p.m.; but on other days it would not be much use coming before 2 a.m. or so."

During my twenty minutes' interview at least twenty different messages had come in from people waiting to see the editor of the *Figaro*, and at the twenty-first I could not but disregard M. Magnard's friendly encouragement to remain in spite of them, so I rose to take my leave, renewing my apologies for having trespassed upon so much valuable time.

A. B.



M. MAGNARD.

Photo by Nadar, Paris.

\* As we go to press we hear with regret of the death of M. Magnard.